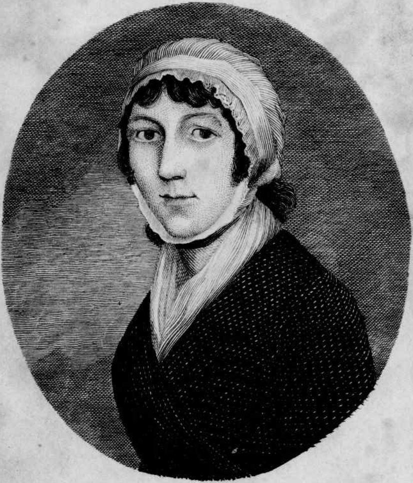

A Cambridge

MEMOIR

OF

MISS A. CAMBRIDGE,

INCLUDING

INTERESTING DETAILS OF HER EXTRAORDINARY
EXERTIONS FOR THE SALVATION
OF SINNERS.

COMPILED FROM HER PAPERS AND THE COMMUNICATIONS
OF FRIENDS.

BY

JOHN JAMES M'GREGOR.

"Help those women which laboured with me in the Gospel."
PHILIPPIANS iv. 3.

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PREFACE.

After our Divine Redeemer, in the Sermon on the Mount, had pronounced distinct blessings on the progressive stages of the Christian life, he summed up the whole of the believer's duty in a precept fraught with celestial benevolence—"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." As if He would say to his followers, "You should seek the attainment of those fruits of the Holy Spirit, which I have mentioned, not merely on account of the rich and eternal rewards which I have graciously promised to the possessors of them; but for the still nobler object of leading others to follow your example, and become participators in the same heavenly blessings—a consequence, which, by continually widening the circle of benevolence, will bring eternal glory to your Heavenly Father, who in all ages of the world has been pleased to carry on his plan of love and mercy, by rendering man the instrument of good to his fellow-man."

The Parable of the Talents affords a fine illustration of this precept of our Lord. In that important passage of the Inspired Volume, two fundamental truths are clearly established, which may afford the highest encouragement to every sincere candidate for usefulness in the church and in the world. The first is, that God does not, as some have falsely alleged, reap where he has not sown, nor gather where he has not strawed. The nobleman mentioned in the parable required an improvement of the talents which he had given to his servants only in proportion to the means which he had supplied ; by which we are taught, that while one man who is entrusted with the five talents of power, wealth, influence, learning, and eloquence, is required to devote all these to the glory of God, by promoting the best interests of his intelligent creatures; another, who possesses but two of these gifts of Heaven, is called upon to use all diligence to render them proportionably useful; and if a third, who has nothing to bring to his Master's service but the example of a holy life and upright conversation, casts this mite into the treasury, verily he shall not lose his reward.

The second fundamental truth established by the Parable of the Talents is, that "to him who hath, (that is, who has improved the gifts he has received,) shall be given, and he shall have abundance." This truth might be confirmed by numerous examples both from the Old and New Testament; nor are instances wanted in modern times, and in our own country, of individuals, whose faith was at first like a grain of mustard-seed; but who, yielding implicitly to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, had their faith's capacity gradually enlarged, until they became burning and shining lights, holding forth the word of life, both by example and precept, to all around. Characters of this description have not been confined to one sex: pious females of all ranks and ages are to be found at the present day amongst the most efficient agents for carrying on our Sunday Schools, Missionary and Bible Societies, Associations for the Improvement of Prisons and Hospitals, with the other numerous religious and charitable institutions established amongst us; and a few both in this and the sister country, whose motives we have a right to consider pure, because their lives have been consistent, have felt themselves impelled by an ardent love for the salvation of souls, to subdue their natural timidity, and notwithstanding the very general feeling against female ministrations of this description, have ventured, and with considerable success, publicly to call sinners to repentance.

The subject of the following Memoir was one of those characters whom, we believe, the Lord, in his inscrutable wisdom, occasionally raises up, and sends forth in an extraordinary way, and blesses with success, in order to show man that he can render even the feeblest instruments subservient to the glorious purpose of man's salvation. The singular station which she filled in

Ireland for nearly half a century, leads us to view in Miss Cambridge another striking exemplification of the great truths established by the Parable of the Talents. Having at an early age tasted that the Lord was gracious, her grateful and benevolent heart ardently panted to lead others to the Saviour; and, like the woman of Samaria, she went amongst her friends and her neighbours to invite them to Christ, whose love constrained her, and first loosed her stammering tongue. The success with which the Lord blessed her early labours, and a train of remarkable providences, led her gradually to extend her sphere of usefulness till it embraced almost every district of our island; and the seed of eternal life was sown in many hearts by her public addresses, her familiar conversations, and her correspondence, which, watered by the Divine influence, brought forth abundant fruit to the praise and glory of God. Born in the Established Church, she remained through life attached to it; and, having received her first serious impressions amongst the Methodists, she joined that Society, and continued for many years a consistent member of it, till excluded by a vote of the Irish Conference on account of her public exertions, though the venerable founder of Methodism had fully sanctioned her conduct in this respect. Yet she remained connected in principle and affection with the Methodists to the end of her days; and she manifested this attachment by bequeathing her papers to the Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Society; desiring that, if they could be converted to any useful purpose, the profits should be applied to the Superannuated Preachers' Fund.

The present Volume is brought before the public at the earnest desire of many, who were well acquainted with the character and usefulness of the venerated subject of it. They conceive that the details will be found well calculated to magnify the grace of God, and exhibit some points of character worthy of imitation; while the extracts from her Correspondence are fraught with useful directions, particularly to young converts —the lambs of Christ's flock. The Compiler has to lament the paucity of the materials entrusted to him, which leaves little room for minuteness of detail, though the book, it is hoped, will not be found devoid of interesting and profitable incident. Miss Cambridge commenced a Diary in the year 1821; but as she carried it little farther than her conversion, the particulars of her subsequent life have been collected from her letters and the recollections of her friends.

As the lawfulness, or even the expediency, of female preaching is very generally questioned, the Compiler would say, with the Biographer of Mrs. Fletcher, "I am sensible that here I tread on tender ground." And he fully agrees in the following sentiments of the same judicious writer with regard to the public ministry of that eminent saint, trusting that they will be found equally justificatory of the public conduct of the subject of the following Memoir. "As she never," says Mr. Moore, "in her more public efforts, meddled with the government of the church, 'usurped authority over the man,' or made any display of a regular or authoritative commission, but merely strove to win souls, 'by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God'—whilst she was herself 'the least and the servant of all,' may not every pious Churchman and Methodist unite, and say—'Would to God that all the Lord's people were such prophets and prophetesses!' Mr. Wesley, who never sanctioned a regular ministry of that kind, permitted, and, it may be said, encouraged her (Mrs. Fletcher's) Christian efforts in that way. Her conflicts were very great concerning her call in that respect; and the taunts she had to endure from men were very painful. These she at length embodied in a letter to Mr. Wesley, declaring her willingness to abide by his decision; and that she would gladly resist this impression, if the Lord should so direct her by him. Mr. Wesley, who well knew her simplicity, godly sincerity, and admirable understanding, replied—that he considered it to be an extraordinary call—that he also looked upon the whole work of God termed Methodism, to be an extraordinary dispensation. 'Therefore,' says he, 'I do not wonder if several things occur therein, which do not fall under ordinary rules of discipline. St. Paul's ordinary rule was, not to permit a woman to speak in the congregation; yet in extraordinary cases he made a few exceptions.' Mrs. Fletcher thanked God for this answer, and continued her labours of love to the close of her life."

Miss Cambridge received similar encouragement from Mr. Wesley, (see page 39); and while the heavenly-minded Mrs. Fletcher used all diligence to improve her five talents, Miss Cambridge, we trust, will be found to have been equally indefatigable in rendering her two talents proportionably useful.

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MEMOIR

OF

MISS CAMBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

HER EARLY LIFE AND CONVERSION.

(WRITTEN BY HERSELF.)

WITH reverence and with godly fear, I take up my pen, in order to commit to paper and leave upon record, some of the kind dealings and tender mercies of my God towards me. Several of my dear friends having solicited me to do so, I feel as if I ought—but above all, gratitude to the Friend of Sinners, compels me to do it. His mercies to me have been boundless; how shall I begin to recount them? Eternity itself will be too short to utter his praise, and to speak good of His name; how then shall I make any attempt to do it, in a few small sheets of paper? The subject to me appears very great—the object in view, I trust, is His glory; but I feel my impotency, and prostrate as in the dust before Him, would say, "*Lord help me!*" I have long been the object of His tender mercies; yea, "goodness and mercy have followed me" all the days of my life.

Bandon, in the county of Cork, is the place of my nativity; there I first breathed the vital air, on the 1st of January 1762; and there it was that I first experienced the influence of the grace of God, upon my heart—there Jesus sought me, when a stranger to Him, and to the covenant of promise—there He "turned my wandering feet into the heavenly road"—there He "taught my heart to pray, and made my eyes o'erflow,"—there he convinced me of sin, sealed pardon upon my heart, and filled me with peace and joy through believing.

My father belonged to the Established Church, in which, also, I was brought up, and of which I count myself still a member, as far as her principles and practice lead to God, and tend to His glory. My mother was a Presbyterian, not New-light, or Arian, but one who would put the crown of Divinity on the head of the Saviour, on Him whom the Prophet justly called "Wonderful—Counsellor—the Mighty God—the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace:"—she was of a meek and quiet spirit, and as far as I can recollect, of a very sweet and peaceable demeanour. She had many sorrows and trials to encounter. My father was too fond at times of such company as led him from his God, and kept him from making his own home and family as comfortable as they should be : I mention this, because my dear father's case is not a solitary one; many there are who spend abroad, what ought to be spent at home in the comforts and conveniencies of their house, and the education of their children. My father saw his folly, and hourly felt the effects of it afterwards. He mourned for his sins, found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and now, I trust, strikes a joyful string to the Redeemer's praise, in the realms of bliss. But that which is lost through neglect or mismanagement in youth, or early life, cannot be called back in old age; I mean particularly the improvement of blessings offered or put into a person's hands, for the *necessary* comforts of life, the education and tender care of children, and the general good of those around us, (for it is surely more blessed and more delightful to give than to receive;) and children neglected by parents while young, will not, when they grow up to feel their loss, have that respect for them or their memory, which, otherwise they might, and surely would possess. There are many children, it is true, upon whom parents bestow much labour and pains, yet they neglect and slight their mercies; but at their own door their condemnation will lie when they grow up, and see and feel their ignorance. Happy the parents who are taught of God to train up their children in the way they should go; but, alas! there are many professing religion, whose children appear to be as much neglected in many respects as others; and on such parents often lies the sin of Eli, too much indulgence and passing over faults, which ought to be corrected or restrained with firmness.—If there were precept, and example, still more striking, with affectionate firmness, and a little correction now and again, there would not be, methinks, so much pride and vanity exhibited in the love of dress, &c., by the children of professing religious parents—yea, and sometimes of pious pastors, as there is.

I was taken from school very young, and had not the advantages of a liberal education; but through boundless mercy I endeavoured to improve the very limited instruction which I received. Had I the opportunity given me, and the means put into my hands, I might have made some considerable progress, for I had a wish to learn, and Divine goodness had blessed me with a degree of capacity. However, I hope I am thankful even for the means I had, and for the little I did or do know. Christ condescended to take me into his school at an early period of life; but there I confess I have been too dull a scholar, although my gracious master has taken great pains with me, and a wonderful manner of teaching he hath. I was fond of reading—but alas! I got into the habit of reading novels, and the visionary subjects of them too much engrossed my thoughts: true, I did not like the little, low, insignificant things in the novel way that some delighted in: virtue rewarded—vice detected and punished—heroism in the pursuit of any object or thing which was noble, generous, or good, or which appeared to be so in any shape, prepossessed my mind, and so raised my imagination, that I entered the fairy fields of wild romance, and travelled, and suffered, and even wept plentifully over characters that never existed. I was led sometimes to think that real, which was all imaginary, and a lie. O! how my mind was enveloped with nonsense—what time I lost—yea, what time I murdered in this flesh-pleasing delusion of the common enemy of mankind: such were the effects of the carnal mind of fallen degraded human nature. I do not know any thing that so engaged my thoughts and attention as novel reading; I was only learning to play cards; I disliked dancing, as I thought it a silly thing, and that creatures hopping up and down through a room together looked ridiculous, and appeared to me something like the Indians (of whom I had read,) dancing round their dead,—yet folly was wound round my heart and I delighted in it in various ways, although by some of my young companions I was called serious. I went to church and sometimes to meeting with my mother; I said my prayers, (for I was taught some little forms of prayer,) but mark, I did not pray—I only drew near with the body—bowed the knee in form, and spoke to the Almighty wtih the lips, while my heart was far from Him.—How gracious, merciful, long suffering and full of compassion is Jehovah; surely he willeth not the death of a sinner—No, thanks to His name, for he would rather that all should return, and repent and live—for "He so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

My dear mother was often attacked with bodily affliction : I loved her much, and I believe I attended her with filial affection and tender concern; and though I never prayed, as I said before, yet when any thing gave her ease or pleasure, I sometimes went on my knees and thanked God for it. I think there must have been something very amiable and attractive in my dear mother, at least in her conduct to me, for my young affections were closely entwined about her; I do not remember ever to have seen her in a passion, ever to have heard her speak a loud or boisterous word; I trust she was born of God, and that through grace she now reigns with Him in glory everlasting.

On the 21st of December, 1780, I was called to the painful trial of giving her up; of taking my last leave of her in this vale of tears—ah! it was a painful parting, a sorrowful hour to me—nature gave way, it was not able to bear the shock; I had not grace to support me, nor did I know where to run or look for comfort or relief.—

I was standing by her bed side; my eyes were fixed on her—I witnessed some of her last struggles with the pale messenger, death, but I do not remember to have heard the sound of complaint from her dying lips—I saw the awful change take place, the change which often appears in the body at the very near approach of dissolution: all within me seemed to change along with her; I staggered, I fainted and fell. I was taken to my aunt's, who lived opposite to my father; but, alas! when I revived and returned to the house, my loved parent was no more, the vital spark was extinct, she had closed her eyes for ever on mortal things, and I was left—left without a mother in this howling wilderness, this "dreary land of deserts and of pits"—what a pang of sorrow!

Grief indeed now took hold of me, and I mourned to excess: I could see nothing in the world calculated to give me comfort; I resolved to seek none in it, but to follow my mother with tears to the grave, not considering how unfit I was to die—I never felt any thing like such sorrow before. What a solace is the religion of Jesus; what an antidote against the miseries and keen afflictions of human life!—but I had it not—I was a stranger to it, and therefore I willingly entertained—yea, I greatly indulged the sorrow of the world which worketh death. My mother's remains in due time were deposited in the house appointed for all living, and now I became a prey to grief, my rest went from me, and I could not take my meat: in this situation Jesus found me, and bid me live.

I had not been in the habit of going to the Methodist preaching-house, but now I went; I suppose some kind friend invited or called for me. I do not recollect any particular impression made upon my mind by any sermon I had heard, until the memorable evening on which I was convinced of sin, when Mr. William Myles preached. The text was applied to my mind with power; the words were, "Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Deut. xxxii. 29. I felt a consciousness instantly within me, that I had not considered my latter end, and that if I was then called into eternity, I should not only be banished from the presence and enjoyment of God, but also from the presence and society of my dear mother, for I believed that she was in heaven, and I believe so still. I went home deeply convinced of my base ingratitude to God, and to do what I never did before—to pray. I went to my room, I fell on my knees before my Maker—but, what were the feelings of my mind !—I had not words to address Him ; I was afraid to use the form by which I had so often mocked Him, and therefore I could only in silence, in sorrow and with tears look up to heaven and implore mercy—yet, I was as conscious that I prayed without being able to utter or articulate, (my heart being now with God,) as I was, that I never prayed when I used words, but only in form bowed the knee before Him : the Spirit made intercession for me now, "with groanings that could not be uttered."—In this way I was often led to the throne of grace, there expecting to "obtain mercy and find grace to help me in the time of need ;" I was not disappointed, for He that wounded, in due time healed my soul. I mourned under a sense of my rebellion against, and great ingratitude towards my Maker, my Almighty Friend—I felt the sweet meltings of a broken heart—for it was not with the terrors of the law he drove me, but with the cords of love he drew me to seek redemption in the blood of

Christ, the forgiveness of my sins, and I felt as if I could not rest without it.

At the early dawn—at the close of day, and often at the midnight hour, my cries went up to heaven, and I breathed the heartfelt prayer to Him that liveth for ever and ever. What a change grace makes when it is communicated and takes root in the heart; the things which I admired before, I now began to dislike, and the things which I disliked before, I now began to admire. Novels had no longer any charms to deceive me; I wanted them no more, and lest they might injure others with romantic views and fancies, I burned what I had; for as I would not now read them myself, I thought it would be wrong to leave them for others to read, as I was fully convinced they were very hurtful to the youthful mind.—Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest, abridged by Mr. Wesley, was the first religious book, next my Bible, that I took delight in, and to this day that book is made a blessing to me when I read it—thank God for the many authors who have been graciously influenced to write on such subjects as have proved and are still proving profitable to those who have entered in at the strait gate.

I now attended the preaching at the Methodist house pretty constantly, and went to church more frequently than usual; I also in a little time went to communicate, which I had never done before, being very young, and not in any wise seeing or feeling the importance of the duty and command to do it in remembrance of my Lord and Master, and to shew forth his death until he would come again.—It was a memorable hour, a solemn time indeed. I was not looking to, nor at the minister who handed me the bread and wine; but thinking of, and looking to that Saviour who died for my sins, and rose again for my justification. Yet, surely I could wish that all ministers and preachers of every sect and party would evidence by their preaching and by their practice, that they were called and sent of God—yea, and I would pray also, that all who have not been raised up and sent out by Him, may be converted and influenced by His grace to preach the Gospel, or put down and sent home; and that pious labourers (no loungers,) might be found all over the world, employed in the vineyard or harvest of the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

At this time I met with many, particularly among the Methodists, who evinced that they cared for my soul; they sympathized with me, they spoke comfortably to me, they pointed me to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Mrs. Strickett, wife of quartermaster Strickett, and Mrs. Magee, wife of adjutant Magee, both of the 14th light dragoons, at that time quartered in Bandon, took pains with me, especially Mrs. Strickett: they have both long since entered their rest, and now without a veil behold the King in his beauty; but the affection they shewed me, the tender interest they took in my eternal concerns, live fresh in my memory, though now it is something better than forty years ago. Mr. Strickett had a niece who lived with him, and to whom Mrs. Strickett acted as a mother; and Mrs. Magee had a daughter by a former husband, a Miss Darling; both had been brought to a knowledge of the truth, and these also took a tender concern in my spiritual welfare; although, I believe, a little younger than myself, they pointed me to Jesus, they encouraged me to run the heavenly way.—How present to my mind this day, are the moments, the hours I spent with those dear friends, while they prayed with me, exhorted, admonished and encouraged me "to run the race set before me." Tears of joy and gratitude to my great benefactor have overflowed my eyes since I began to write on this subject; to Him I was indebted for grace, for friends and favours, at my first setting out for the heavenly Canaan; to Him I have been indebted for help and deliverance all my journey through; and to Him I am indebted to the present hour for all the blessings I enjoy; and on Him I wish to lean wholly dependent, until I meet my beloved friends, and all the redeemed of the Lord above—

> I'll praise him for all that is past,
> And trust him for all that's to come.

In a short time after my being convinced of sin, I was asked by a religious friend to join the Methodist Society; I did so, from a conviction that it might and would be profitable for me to assemble with those who feared the Lord. Mrs. Strickett met in the preacher's class, and as she wished me to meet in the class with her, I went and found it a privilege to do so. In a short time after she took me to meet in band with her, a meeting still more select than that of class-meeting. How highly favoured, how greatly privileged I was then; still I mourned for my sins, I sorrowed after a godly sort, and still the loss of my dear mother when I remembered her, helped to weigh down my spirits—but deliverance was not far off; I remember the first promise applied to my mind, was in my sleep, viz. "the Lord whom you seek shall suddenly come to His temple"—it was soon graciously fulfilled concerning me, and in the following manner.

I was meeting in band with Mrs. Strickett, my cousin Mary Norris, and I think Mrs. Magee, for they used to meet also; it was on a Saturday evening, on the gallery in the old preaching-house in Bandon; may I never forget the place nor the company I was in, and above all, may I never forget the power, the peace, and the blessings conferred upon me that evening, and continued toward me by my unchangeable Almighty Friend, down to the present hour.

I'll praise my Maker while I have breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers.

Mrs. Strickett was telling her experience of the gracious dealings of God towards her, and while she was thus delightfully speaking good of his name, He lifted upon me the light of His countenance; my mourning was turned into joy ; I felt a change, which until that glad moment I had been a stranger to, and I rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My dear friends rejoiced with me, and my loved Mrs. Strickett sung the following verses coming down from the gallery where we met, and where my God had so peculiarly blessed me :—

> What hath the world to equal this ;—
> The solid peace the heavenly bliss,
> The joys immortal, love Divine,
> The love of Jesus ever mine ?
> Greater joys I'm born to know,
> From terrestrial to celestial,
> When I up to Jesus go.

Mrs. Strickett was no stranger to what I experienced that evening—but it was new to me altogether. I felt a delight, equal, probably superior to the man that had been lame from his birth, and sat long at the gate of the temple, which was called Beautiful, to ask alms of those that went into the temple, who when he was bidden by the apostles in the name of Jesus to stand up and walk, went in with them into the temple walking, and leaping, and praising God. Acts iii. 9.—or rather, my case resembled the man who was let down through the tiling to where our Lord was, and "He (Jesus) said unto him, thy sins be forgiven thee, arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house, and he departed to his own house glorifying God." Luke v. 17—27. Like him I went home to my father's house glorifying the Lord, and on my knees I bowed with a gladdened heart at the throne of grace to thank him for his great love manifested to me in Christ Jesus.

Some people, yea many, will say that religion is a gloomy melancholy thing;—not the religion of the heart surely—it must be that which only gets to the head and goes no further, which sets the man or woman talking about religion, but leaves them strangers to the depravity of their nature, the sinfulness of sin, and of course without feeling the happy effects and influences of the spirit of true and genuine religion upon the conscience; it is "by grace ye are saved through faith," &c. Now faith—Gospel faith, overcometh the world, purifies the heart, and works by love.

True, indeed, godly sorrow, genuine repentance, a broken and contrite heart, always precede the pardon and the peace of God. He has said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."—He is faithful and true, and will do that which he hath said, and the comfort, the peace and rest which Heaven imparts, and which by divine grace are brought into the soul are not dull and melancholy guests—no; the Christian is serious, but he is not sad; he is cheerful, but not light or trifling; while he walks or lives under divine influence, he rejoices in his God, and his hope is full of immortality. It is the man or woman who seeks no higher bliss than earth can afford, that might be said to be sad and melancholy; for where is their hope; in what do they rejoice, or where will they find consolation, when pain, and sickness, and death, the common lot of all, approach—or in that great and terrible day when congregated worlds shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and the final sentence of "Come ye blessed," or "Depart ye cursed," will be pronounced upon all? Those who say that the real followers of the meek and lowly

Jesus are mad or melancholy, belie them much, and must be strangers to their peace, their comfort, and their joy—for I would say that the man who earnestly seeks after God, feels even in the meltings of a broken heart, while looking for mercy at the feet of the Saviour, a something within him more satisfactory and more to be desired, than all the varied scenes of short lived dissipation or pleasure (falsely so called,) could afford. Sin is drudgery, and " she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth"—the service of God is perfect freedom ; " His ways are ways of pleasantness, His paths are peace." " In His presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore." " The righteous hath hope in his death, and shall be had in everlasting remembrance," but " the hope of the wicked shall be cut off." Happy then, and only happy, are the people whose God is the Lord ; they will be praising him, for his mercy endureth for ever.

I was enabled now through grace to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God of my salvation. I could say, " O Lord ! I will praise thee, for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." I loved singing, and now a new song of praise and thanksgiving was put into my mouth. As I had many in my deep sorrow to weep with me when I wept, so in the triumph of Redeeming Love, also, I had many to rejoice with me, amongst whom in the foremost rank I place my ever dear Mrs. Strickett, Mrs. Magee, Miss Strickett and Miss Darling. There was much simplicity and godly sincerity among the Methodists at that time, much of the primitive fire burning upon their altars: I trust it is so still; but they were one body then, and often I heard them sing with feelings of delight, the following lines, while the tears rolled down my face, and my heart ardently joined in the petitions comprised in them.

Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For oh! the wolf is nigh!—

He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;

Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour
Unless he first divide.

O, do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one with thee.

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

I was greatly united to the society, and was ready to think all sincere that made professions of piety, and of course expected much from them, much of the peaceable and lovely fruits of righteousness, which are to the praise and glory of God.

From the time that I got a desire myself to flee from the wrath to come, I felt an earnest wish to bring others with me into the way of peace, and to point all I could to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." I could no longer associate with my old companions as I used to do; I could no longer join in the follies with which we formerly amused ourselves; but I loved their souls, I wished them to be happy, and I knew of no way but one that could make them so; for there is no name given under heaven or amongst men, whereby any sinner can be saved, but the name of Jesus—no way to the crown but by that of the cross. I went to them and told them of the change that had taken place in my mind; what my views were then of this present evil world, and how I was determined by grace assisting me to know nothing amongst men, but Christ and Him crucified; that I was resolved and hoped he would strengthen me to follow him through evil and good report, through honour and dishonour. I asked them would they come in company with me to heaven; if not, I must go without them—some laughed at me, others attended to what I said, and some, I trust sincerely repented and believed, who under the banner of Jesus fought the good fight of faith, and have long since laid hold on everlasting life.

I had promised a young man who was serving his time to my uncle, and who had paid me much attention during my mother's illness, that I would never marry any one while he remained unmarried, and he promised me the same; but when my views of things were changed, and my face was turned Zionward, I began to think more seriously on the important subject. I had a sincere affection for him; he was my equal in some respects; perhaps, in a few my superior. We were both young, but now I had an objection, which appeared to me of vast importance; he was not inclined to enter in at the strait gate, nor to walk in the narrow way which leads to life everlasting—he was what is called a moral young man, but knew nothing of repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. He did not like to come with me to the house of prayer, and I saw it would be wrong for me to stay from it, when I had an opportunity given me of going there. The things which I now saw vain and sinful, he thought there was no harm in; thus our views and pursuits became opposite one to the other—yet, I believe he continued sincerely attached to me, and wished the union to take place; but I could not now with an approving conscience enter into that solemn covenant with one, who, according to the Gospel, was not a believer in Christ, nor even desiring to be one—my Lord's word was opposed to it, and therefore I durst not take such a step. I was in ignorance when I made the promise; I believed it was a sin for me to do it without my parent's knowledge; but now that God had pardoned all my transgressions, and I was discharged from the obligation or performance of it, I thought I should be candid—tell him my mind, give it up finally, and bid him farewel—I did so, sincerely wishing him all happiness, and having no other fault to find that I recollect, but that his mind did not bend heavenward; that indeed was enough, as in that case in my opinion my Saviour in his word by his servant, the apostle Paul, had forbidden the union, and I never was sorry since for obeying him.

I have seen much evil in my day attend the unequal yoking, as the Scriptures term it, of believers with unbelievers: and yet how frequently is it done, although quite opposite to the word of God. What I mean by believers and unbelievers is, those who have believed in Christ as their only Saviour, and who under divine influence are acting accordingly, considering they are not their own, but that He has bought them with a price; and those who have not so believed in Him, and are also giving evidence of their unbelief by hoping for Heaven without saving faith, and by living according to the ungodly customs and follies of this vain delusive world: such opposites methinks cannot walk together agreed. There must be, and there is in general a bending or a giving up on one side or the other; and alas! it is too often the case, that the man or the woman who had walked in the pleasant paths of piety, has been led or driven to walk with their unbelieving companions in the forbidden paths of vice and folly—O, what a change! for want of looking for, or attending to the advice given in the word of God, and not watching unto prayer. There have been instances indeed of men and women being deceived; for some have put on a cloak, an outward garb of religion for a time, in order to gain or obtain some object, and when the object was gained, the garb was thrown off, and they appeared again in their own colours. In my opinion it would be as easy to unite light and darkness, as to unite the minds of a believer and unbeliever while they continue such; for that which would amuse and greatly please the unregenerate mind, would be only pain and grief to the self-denying follower of Jesus; and that which would greatly please and delight the regenerate soul, would be counted enthusiasm, weakness of intellect, dulness, or want of taste, by the unbelieving man or woman. Many unwary souls, I am afraid, have split or gone to pieces on this rock, making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience: for many snares in various forms are laid for Zion's travellers, and they are only safe while they keep their eyes and their hearts fixed upon Christ, the Captain of their Salvation. With Him in the vessel as their pilot, (while they attend to him,) they may smile at every storm, but without Him or by not attending to his directions, they will soon become a prey to the elements, rather say their enemies, and sink into the deep of everlasting misery.

I continued to rejoice in the Lord, but had at times some reasonings and conflicts in my mind: I was tempted to think that what I experienced was delusion or presumption in me, but I knew I could not deceive God; yea, I was led to appeal to Him, that He knew I would not willingly deceive myself. He led me to the throne of grace, and there I renewed my strength by waiting upon Him; my reasonings subsided, my doubts were removed, I was enabled to rest upon the word of his faithfulness, and I never to my knowledge since, once doubted, but that God did at that time and place, on the evening before mentioned, blot out my iniquity and seal a pardon on my heart. Do any ask, did you never grieve him since that period? I answer, indeed I did; but I do not remember that I ever said, or thought, or did any thing that he gave me to know was wrong, that I did not grieve for having grieved him, and have always found him to be gracious and merciful, slow to anger and of great kindness. He multiplies pardons and blessings—glory to His name, He is always giving, yet he is ever full.

I could, by faith in the atonement, call Him Abba, Father! for He had given me the spirit of adoption, and I loved Him because He first loved me; but I wanted to love Him more, I wanted to have more of the divine nature brought into my soul, I wanted to be more like my Heavenly Master, and where, and how was I to have my wants supplied?—at his feet most surely, in ardent supplication, by the exercise of faith in the atonement, "giving all diligence to make my calling and election sure." Glory to His name, He led me on by the teaching and influence of His Holy Spirit, to "search the Scriptures," to read the sacred volume upon my knees, to pray the Lion of the tribe of Judah, to take away or unloose the seal thereof, so that I might understand it, and that it might be made spirit and life to my soul.

I attended the means of grace, and I still enjoyed the privilege of meeting often with my dear friends before mentioned, who continued to exhort, to admonish and tenderly encourage me to press forward in the heavenly way. I generally got up early in the morning; I could not with any satisfaction lie late in bed, unless I had some just cause for it, after I was brought to seek the things which make for my everlasting peace. Often I felt as if ashamed, when I heard the little birds warbling their artless notes in praise to Him, who formed and who fed them, while I was in bed; and thought the feathered choristers more grateful to Him than I was, on whom he had bestowed such boundless favours. Yet, sometimes I joined them in their early song, and repeatedly in the evening or close of day I have been led to sing, (I hope in praise to my redeeming God) even the sweet little Robin to his nest.

My father had a small but neat garden: in some parts of it I could be retired; and here I loved to resort, to hold union and fellowship with God, and to pour out my soul, my sorrows, and my joys, before Him (thanks to his holy name) for a Saviour, an High Priest, passed into the heavens for us, who, "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." By Him the creature has access to the Creator, and through Him alone the penitent and the believer can speak even to Jehovah, as a man speaks to his friend. O what a blessing, what a privilege!

My dear father sometimes opposed me in my religious views, and my progress to the heavenly country: he saw how the sorrow of the world wasted me, and probably he thought this religious whim or frenzy, as some would call it, might finish me altogether; for he appeared to be at that time like Gallio, caring for none of those things. Sometimes he would meet me coming from my room, I suppose with marks of weeping on my face, at which he would not seem pleased, and sometimes he would be angry at my being there at all; so that I was often thankful for the garden to retire to, that I might there pour out my soul to God in praise and supplication, without displeasing my earthly parent, and without interruption. But my dear father did not continue to oppose me, at least constantly; he by and by (at seasons) would not suffer any one to disturb me in my retired moments, and when he saw the happy effects of the change wrought upon my mind, even in my health and bodily appearance, he became more reconciled: he occasionally went to preaching with me, gave me leave to read the Scriptures in the family, and would sometimes weep under a sermon or in conversation with me; yet he held his sins, and loved the company of such as had no fear of God before their eyes—How pernicious are such companions—how dangerous their society—how impossible to continue with any delight or pleasure to associate or keep up close fellowship with such, and walk with the self-denying Jesus, at the same time in the way to Heaven, according to his words, "If any man will be my disciple let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." Luke ix. 23. "Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matt. xvii. 13, 14. It appears that these travellers to an eternal world, while they keep such different roads, and have such different pursuits in view, cannot be united one with the other; the followers of Christ should always guard against the society of such, unless an opportunity be afforded in any wise of doing them good, or in the way of business, which men have more or less to transact one with another, while in this vale of tears; but in every other sense in which there might be even the appearance of evil or danger, let the Christian, or the person under divine teaching beware, and according to the apostle's advice, " Come out from among them, and be separate."

As my love to God and desire after holiness increased, my anxiety for the happiness of my fellow mortals increased also. I wished to do them good, to bring them to God, but I hardly knew how to go about it; I thought, however, if I could get them to the preaching-house to hear the gospel preached, as I had received good there myself, they might also, through divine grace, receive benefit; so I set about inviting my friends and neighbours to come and hear for themselves. Many did come, for my Lord in some measure gave me favour in the sight of the people, and some, I trust were profited by the word preached: I have often looked if I could see any weeping or affected during the sermon, and if I did I endeavoured to make haste to speak to such, and point them to Him, who makes the wounded whole.

I had many select meetings with my young friends, Miss Strickett and Miss Darling, as well as with their dear mother and aunt; but there is nothing permanent below, I was soon called to a painful parting with them, the regiment being ordered to other quarters, and I had to give them up. It was a trying separation to me, but it was the will of that Divine Being, who ordereth all things to his people for good, and who does all things well; mine was to bow in sweet submission, to thank Him for the loan, and say, "Father thy will be done!" Blessed be his name, he has prepared a place for his friends and followers to meet beyond the grave, where pain and parting shall be no more:

There all the ship's company meet
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death ;
The voyage of life's at an end ;
The mortal affliction is past ;
The age that in Heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last.

There, in a short time, I hope to enjoy for ever the society of numbers with whom I have often been privileged to sit and take sweet counsel here below.

My thirst after holiness increasing, I longed for closer communion with God—to be made more like him, and to be set apart or consecrated to His service entirely ; for this I was led most earnestly to supplicate at the throne of grace ; my Heavenly Father surely heard me, and often visited me with his soul cheering presence ; but one day at that early period of my journeying to Canaan's happy land, the plenitude of heavenly light and love, which He poured into my soul, was such that I should not omit mentioning it. I said in a former page, that I was led sometimes to read my Bible on my knees. On the day above mentioned, I was kneeling by my bed-side, drawn out I may truly say in vehement desire and supplication to be filled with all the fulness of God. I held my Bible closed between my hands, and prayed that some passage from the sacred volume might be applied to my heart, on which by faith I might lay hold—I was (I trust divinely) influenced to address the Almighty with all that earnestness of prayer that has a tendency to weaken the body, so that I found the mortal part nearly exhausted. When I took my hands from the Bible, it opened on the fifth chapter of Solomon's Song, the first verse of which caught my eye, and was so powerfully applied to my heart, that I was almost overpowered with a sense of the divine favour, and for the space of eighteen or twenty minutes, I could neither read nor pray any more; it appeared almost as if prayer was lost in praise, and hope swallowed up in fruition. I left my room, but I was not fit for the world, no, not even for its lawful business and pursuits, all seemed to recede and disappear: I stood as on the verge of heaven, and my hope seemed full of immortality. In this blessed state of mind, I was invited by a female friend, to communicate with a poor man that was dying; I went, and surely I fed upon Christ joyfully that day in my heart, by faith with thanksgiving, and had such views of my dear Saviour at that time given me, as I never could in words express—His love to sinners—His atonement by the offering of Himself a sacrifice upon the cross for them, that by His death, all who believed in Him according to the Gospel, might be saved and live with Him for ever. By His stripes I, even I was healed. I was then happy, but my pleasure was purchased with His pain.—I was comforted, but my comforts flowed through Him: my cup of rejoicing seemed to run over, but he was the fountain from which my consolation flowed—glory to His name; I could say then, and I can say now, with a grateful heart,

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise Him all creatures here below,
> Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
> Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

After my dear friends left town, to whom I was so gratefully and closely united in Christian love, I felt sometimes rather lonely, but found it good to go by myself, at seasons to the house of prayer in the evening, and to the place where

I often found it good, with them, to wait upon the Lord: there I often made mention of them in my feeble petitions to heaven, and there, yea, and almost every where, though far absent in body, I felt them in spirit intimately nigh. O! how strong the cement that binds Christian souls together; it is indissoluble while they keep up intercourse with heaven, and walk sweetly agreed in the obedience of faith and love; death itself cannot divide their heaven-born, kindred spirits—O no; for the Church above and the Church below are one, they are only divided by the narrow stream of death. I felt my love for souls increasing, and an ardent desire to know how I might bring them to Him, of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write; I continued to invite many to preaching, and I generally looked for, and was always glad to see strangers in the House of God, sitting under the sound of the Gospel.

CHAPTER II.

HER USEFUL EXERTIONS IN THE COUNTY OF CORK, DUBLIN, &c.

Miss Cambridge's auto-biography terminates with our first chapter : through causes with which we are unacquainted, she carried it no farther; and we can only glean the subsequent particulars of her valuable life from some of her letters, and the recollections of attached friends, who having profited by her counsels and example while living, are now anxious to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who was the instrument, in the Divine hand, of leading them, with many others, into the paths of righteousness and peace. It is, however, satisfactory, to have from Miss Cambridge's own pen, those particulars of her conversion and early experience, which afford the most indubitable evidence, that she was prepared, by the Holy Spirit, for the life of eminent usefulness which was to follow.

Miss Cambridge had been for some years a consistent member of the Methodist Society, when her ardent desire for the salvation of sinners led her to establish meetings in various parts of the town of Bandon, at which she prayed and occasionally exhorted. She was soon after invited to Kinsale, where she held similar meetings, and spoke with considerable effect to the soldiers at Charles-fort: her labours were afterwards extended to Youghal, Cappoquin and other places. In many instances the divine blessing attended her zealous efforts, and many of different ranks and ages were led, by her solemn warnings and encouraging invitations, to renounce their wicked ways, and fly for refuge to the Friend of Sinners. Such happy effects could alone have inspired her with confidence that she was in the path of duty, under the torrent of persecution which she had to sustain, both from an ungodly world and from Christian friends. To the former she was, in common with all those who endeavour to live godly in Christ Jesus, and strive to lead others into the same path, an object of ridicule; while, by the latter, either her motives were impugned, or her public addresses were pronounced to be irregularities, which, according to their notions of Christian discipline, were not to be tolerated.

As some of the Methodist preachers joined in the opposition to her, Miss Cambridge deemed it expedient to write to Mr. Wesley on the subject, and she soon after received the following reply from that venerable man. It was dated little more than a month previous to his death.

London, Jan. 31, 1791.

My dear Sister.

I received your letter an hour ago. I thank you for writing so largely and so freely; do so always to me as your friend, as one that loves you well. Mr. B——r has the glory of God at heart, so have his fellow-labourers;—give them all honour, and obey them in all things *as far as conscience permits; but it will not permit you to be silent when God commands you to speak:*—yet, I would have you give as little offence as possible; therefore I would advise you not to speak at any place where a preacher is speaking near you at the same time, lest you should draw away his hearers; and avoid the first appearance of pride or magnifying yourself. If you want books or any thing, let me know: I have your happiness much at heart. During the little time I have to stay on earth, pray for

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

This letter from the venerable founder of Methodism, greatly encouraged and comforted the mind of Miss Cambridge; and she carefully followed the prudent advice which it contained, to the end of her labours. But after the death of Mr. Wesley, her trials from her Christian friends recommenced. In conformity with Mr. Wesley's advice, she was willing to obey those who had the rule over her, *as far as conscience permitted; but as conscience would not permit her to be silent when God commanded her to speak*, she chose to obey God, rather than man; and continued to embrace every opportunity that presented itself, and which did not infringe the prudential rule, recommended by Mr. Wesley, to preach a full and free salvation to perishing sinners. She dared not to act otherwise; for if the conversion of sinners be considered one of the genuine tests of a call to the ministry, Miss Cambridge's faith was strengthened, and her hands held up under the most painful discouragements, by numerous instances of sinners being awakened, and penitents comforted under her heart-searching, yet affectionate discourses. Some are still ornamenting religion in the church militant, who were led by her instrumentality, at that period, to turn from the error of their ways to serve the living God; and many more have escaped the afflictions of time to join the church triumphant, where they are ascribing all the glory of their salvation to the Triune God, who sometimes makes use of the feeblest instruments to effect His gracious purposes, and employs the weak things of this world, to confound those that are mighty. For the following instances of her zeal and usefulness at this period, we are indebted to Mrs. Rice, Kinsale, who had been one of Miss Cambridge's earliest Christian friends in that neighbourhood.

"In looking over some papers, dated 1795," says Mrs. Rice, "I find an account of a particular occurrence which took place at that time, when my dear A. Cambridge was here on a visit. One day our family physician called on us, requesting us to oblige him with a bed-room for three or four days, for an American gentleman, who had become ill on his passage to this country; the captain, who was much attached to him, thinking that a few days rest on shore might restore him so far, as to enable him to return to his family in America. The accommodation was granted, and the gentleman, having been blooded, was put to bed. As Miss Cambridge then resided in the house, she sometimes enquired after his health, and spoke to him on his spiritual state, with that earnestness and affection for which she was so remarkable, when visiting the sick or afflicted. The stranger soon became pleased and profited by her conversation, and expressing his conviction that he would not recover, he entreated her not to leave the house for a few days. He then told her that he once loved the Lord Jesus, and had been made useful to many in his vineyard; but having been led into society with men of the world, he was overcome by temptation, and became an easy prey to the enemy of souls. As his disorder increased, his conscience became more alarmed, so that night and day he "watered his couch with his tears," and "roared for the disquietude of his soul." During this distressing period, Miss Cambridge frequently prayed with him, and exhorted him to look for pardon to his offended God, through the atonement offered up by the Lord Jesus Christ. This he was at length enabled to do, and was filled with joy and peace in believing. As the hour of his departure approached, he requested Miss Cambridge to write to his family, and acquaint them with the happiness he felt in the prospect of eternity; and he continued in this blessed frame of mind, till he closed his eyes on all earthly things."

In the summer of 1798, Mrs. Rice accompanied Miss Cambridge to a meeting, which she held at Charles-fort, when nearly the whole regiment quartered there, with their officers, wives, and children attended. Upon that occasion the veteran warriors were seen to weep like children, so powerfully was the word of exhortation applied by the Holy Spirit to humble the proud heart, and bring the sinner to the foot of the cross. On such occasions many brands were plucked out of the burning, who, at subsequent quarterly meetings, were heard to praise God, that ever they had been led to hear this faithful and zealous servant of the Lord Jesus.

Miss Cambridge had now, for several years, given indubitable proofs of her sincerity and disinterestedness in the exertions which she felt herself impelled to make, for the promotion of God's glory, and the salvation of perishing sinners: she exhibited talents for the important business of prayer and exhortation of no ordinary description, which were calculated to make her useful, not only among the humbler classes, but commanded the attention and respect, even of the higher ranks; and often, through the divine blessing, carried conviction or consolation to their hearts; she had abundant seals to her ministry in the conversion of souls; testimonials, which have afforded to the pious and devoted minister in all ages of the church, his surest ground of confidence, next to the witness of the Spirit of God, that he was walking in his providential path. Yet, all this evidence combined was not sufficient to inspire some of the Irish Methodist preachers, with the same liberal and enlightened views of Miss Cambridge's conduct, as Mr. Wesley had expressed at an early period of her career, when her competency for the important work in which she had engaged, might have been considered more doubtful, and her motives for engaging in it, more liable to suspicion. Mr. Wesley knew, that though the public ministration of women was not a general rule, either under the Old or New Testament dispensation, yet there were exceptions under both, as in the case f Miriam, Deborah and Huldah, (under the former,) who were prophetesses ; and under the latter, Anna, the prophetess, mentioned in Luke ii. 36; the four daughters of Philip the Evangelist, (Acts. xxi. 9,) &c.

Mr. Wesley also knew that in Scripture language, *prophesying* is indiscriminately applied to those who predict future events, and those who are engaged, by preaching and exhortation, in turning sinners from the error of their ways. Mr. Wesley's letter to Miss Cambridge evidently implies, that he considered her case might be one of those exceptions, and he resolved to act according to the opinion of Gamaliel, who when he would warn the Jewish Council against interfering with the apostles, declared, "Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

But the majority of the Irish Conference, not agreeing with Mr. Wesley on this subject, passed a vote excluding Miss Cambridge from the Methodist Society, for no other crime than speaking in public. The vote was carried into immediate effect in the circuits where she laboured, which occasioned a division in the society of Kinsale, that continued for a long time; and the consequences would have been still more disastrous, but for the Christian prudence manifested by the object of this unmerited severity. To a mind possessed of such exquisite sensibility, as that of Miss Cambridge, the exclusion from Christian fellowship with a people to whose best interests she had for many years devoted all her time, her talents, and her influence, was, next to the loss of the divine favour, the heaviest trial that could befall her; yet she endured all with a holy magnanimity, and rejected every solicitation to form a party for herself. Conscious of the purity of her motives, she resolved quietly to pursue the path which she conceived to have been pointed out to her by Providence, leaving her cause in the hands of Him, who judgeth right; and she had never reason to regret her determination. She still continued to enjoy the confidence of many excellent men amongst the preachers—her usefulness gradually extended to almost every part of the kingdom, and while her liberal soul embraced true Christians of every denomination, the interests of Methodism held the first place in her affections to the end of her life.

About the year 1799 or 1800, Miss Cambridge fixed her residence in Dublin, and for several years acted as assistant in the shop of Mrs. Stafford. During this period much of her time was employed in the necessary duties of her station, yet she failed not to improve every moment of leisure, to her own spiritual benefit, and the good of others. The love of Christ still constrained her to hold forth a full and free salvation to perishing sinners, and her gracious Master having given her favour in the eyes of several respectable members of the Dublin Society, many open doors were set before her in the metropolis. She frequently held public meetings at Mr. P.'s in Golden-lane, at the Weaver's-Hall on the Coombe, and sometimes at the Barrack, at which the power of the Holy Spirit was often present to wound and to heal; and if Miss Cambridge had been so inclined, she might have formed a party. But her motives were of a higher order—her sole desire was to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus; and while endeavouring to effect this glorious object, she carefully avoided deviating from the prudential rule laid down in Mr. Wesley's letter. She never preached at the same hours with the regular preachers; and whenever she was made the honoured instrument of snatching a soul from the world and sin, she always advised the individual to attend the Methodist Chapel in Whitefriar-street.

During her residence in Dublin, her exertions for the benefit of her fellow-creatures were not confined to the labours of the pulpit or the prayer-meeting. As she had peculiar talents for profitable conversation, she seized every opportunity of social intercourse to impress the minds of all around, particularly the young, (who, from the condescending suavity of her manners, were, in general, greatly attached to her,) with the vast importance and happiness of true religion—that "her ways are indeed ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." She was at the same time actively employed in relieving the temporal wants of those within her reach, according to her very limited means; and when these failed, she used her influence to obtain pecuniary aid from others, for the sick or destitute. She delighted to pour consolation into the bosom of affliction, and was often to be found by the bed of death, where all her energies were exerted to alarm the fears of the careless, to point the penitent to Jesus, and to strengthen the sometimes drooping faith of the dying saint. Miss Cambridge thus narrates one of those death-bed scenes, which she witnessed in Dublin, in a letter to a lady:—

"Mrs. K—— is no more. She has for ever done with earth, and earthly things. She has safely and sweetly crossed the Jordan of death, leaning on her eternal Joshua. I was sent for, on Christmas night, to visit her; and when I came I found the sting of death was drawn, and through the blood of Jesus she had victory over the grave. On Monday night I sat up with her; and about one o'clock, Mr. K—— and two of the children were by her bed-side. Mr. K—— asked her if Christ was precious? She answered in the affirmative. He then asked if she had any fear of death? She replied, "No—none at all!" She then got fresh strength, and raising herself with a little help on the bed, committed her dear husband and children to the divine protection, and exhorted them to devote themselves to God in language, which, I trust, will never be erased. After she had done speaking, Mr. K—— and I prayed, and surely it was such a time as will not easily be forgotten. The remainder of the night she rested tolerably well. Awaking at one time, she repeated that beautiful passage of the 23d psalm, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." At another time she said, "This corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality." On Tuesday morning, after a little struggle with the cough, and feeling herself in the Jordan of death, she said with great placidness,

> The watery deep I pass,
> With Jesus in my view :

And on Tuesday night, about nine o'clock, she bade a final adieu to a world of grief and sin."

Another trait in the character of Miss Cambridge, was the faithfulness with which she reproved open sin and profaneness, and from the temporal situation which she filled, she had frequent occasions to exercise it: but this she always managed with great prudence, according to the apparent dispositions of the persons with whom she had to deal. Two or three gentlemen who heard of Miss Cambridge's usual conduct upon such occasions, went to the shop where she attended, for the purpose of first calling forth her reproof by their profanity, and then turning it into ridicule. From the manner in which they entered the shop, Miss Cambridge suspected their motives; and her suspicions were realized, when on asking to see some particular article, they began to swear and blaspheme the name of the Divine Being, in a manner peculiarly awful. Miss Cambridge was silent, and to their great surprise continued so, till they were about to take their departure. She then told them that she had a demand against them, and produced a paper, on which was noted down the number of times they had blasphemed the holy name of God, and insisted on their paying her the sum which the law allows in such cases, or that otherwise she would be compelled to take the necessary steps for enforcing the penalty inflicted on profane swearers. They instantly paid the sum demanded, which she put into her poor fund, and one of the gentlemen before he left the shop, thanked her for the salutary advice which she had given him.

In 1809, Miss Cambridge left Dublin, and commenced business in Cork, in connexion with a lady of that city ; but reserving to herself the liberty of pursuing her career of usefulness, and visiting those places to which she might be invited. During her four years residence in Cork, she accordingly held meetings at stated times in a house fitted up for that purpose, and occasionally visited Mallow, Fermoy, Limerick, &c. In 1813 she wholly relinquished secular business, and from this period her sphere of usefulness became greatly extended.

CHAPTER III.

HER EXTENDED USEFULNESS.

FROM Miss Cambridge's correspondence, it appears that at the close of 1813, and the early part of 1814, she was actively employed in the counties of Longford, Westmeath, Roscommon and King's County. In a letter dated Mosstown (co. Longford,) Jan. 18, 1814, she states, that after preaching at Philipstown, Tullamore, Kilbeggan, Athlone, and some other places, she spent her Christmas at Moate, where she preached in the Methodist Preaching-House during that festival season; for by this time her continued usefulness, and the Christian prudence which governed all her proceedings, had nearly subdued that prejudice against her, which had formerly existed in the minds of some leading persons amongst the Methodists. On the eve of the New Year, she held the first Watch-Night which ever took place at Moate, and during her stay there, she was cheered by a visit from the excellent Captain Hawtrey, who, some time before, had begun to preach that Gospel, of which he has since become so efficient a minister.

Miss Cambridge spent the latter part of 1814 in Dublin, about which time the innovation on the original plan of Methodism, which ultimately led to the unhappy division amongst the Irish Methodists, began to be spoken of. Though, through the subsequent course of events, she carefully shunned all undue excitement on the subject, yet even at this early stage of it, her penetrating mind apprehended that fatal consequences would result from the agitation of the question, as appears from the following extract of a letter to Mrs. R. of Kinsale, dated Dublin, Dec. 13, 1814. "It is said here, that Mr. W—— is making an uproar in the Society, by wanting a separation. If so, I am afraid he has begun too soon. I do not feel inclined to be an advocate for it; but who am I? It will, I believe, meet with great opposition in this city. Try and get the reading of a letter written by W. S. One of them, I believe, has been sent to every Circuit in Ireland. Next Conference, it is thought, will be a time of great debate on this subject. May God preside amongst them, and direct for his glory. I love Wesleyan Methodists, and Methodism: I hope their candlestick will not be removed. May the primitive flame amongst them be kindled afresh, and may it blaze and burn to the end of time!"

Having spent part of the spring of 1815 in Mallow, at the house of her attached friends, Mr. and Mrs. Haines, she again set out on a tour of usefulness, and after ministering to large congregations at Fermoy, Buttevant and Kilworth, spent some time in Limerick, occasionally visiting some of the neighbouring towns. During the summer months she laboured in many of the principal places in the counties of Galway, Mayo, Roscommon and King's County; and she expressed her devout gratitude for the divine favour and protection, which she experienced during all these journeyings, in the following language contained in a letter, dated Church-Park, Roscommon, July 29, 1815:—" How much like a pilgrim, a stranger, a sojourner, I appear to myself to-day; and such I am most surely, and such I ever wish to see and feel myself, until I leave the wilderness for my happier home, my eternal resting place. O! that I may live and act like

Him, who in the days of His flesh had not where to lay His head. It is my one desire to do it, and even this is His own, for no good word, or work, or thought have I to gain His grace. He will then, I trust, enable me to live in the obedience of His love ;

Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his work abide,
Only Jesus still to know,
And Jesus crucified.

I have enjoyed much of the divine presence in my little journeyings : yea, in public and in private, God is with me, blessed be his name ! This comforts and supports me, (nothing else can) in conflicts and trials, in rage and little touches of persecution, for they are but small ; and this will comfort and support me, till I gain the happy port, the much desired haven, " where all the ship's company meet, who sailed with the Saviour beneath."

Towards the close of this year, Miss Cambridge visited, for the first time, the North of Ireland. Her reception and labours in this highly-favoured portion of our island, will be best detailed in her own words, contained in the following letters; the first is addressed to Mrs. Haines, Mallow, and dated Crieve, Nov. 17, 1815.

"Since I wrote to you last, I have been enabled to labour a good deal in our Lord's vineyard; and He has, I may say, in a most miraculous manner, opened my way: I have since visited Hackwood, Killesandra, Belturbet, Cavan, Kilmore, Bailieborough, Cootehill, Crieve, where I am now a second time, Ballybay, Monaghan, and some other place, the name of which I forget at present. In all these places where there was a preaching-house I got it, and in Ballybay where there was none, and in Cootehill and Monaghan where they were too small, the Presbyterians, ministers and people, opened their meeting-houses for me: in Ballybay, the minister not only gave me the house, but also gave up his own hour of preaching; it was judged that the congregation amounted to between three and four thousand: in Monaghan it was thought the number exceeded that: in Cootehill, the house (not quite so large,) was not only packed, but outside, I was informed, were four or five hundred people, windows and doors being thrown quite open, that they might also hear. The seed, I trust, did not all fall upon stony ground, or by the high-way side ;—in one place where I was to have spoken in the market-house, the crowd being very great, the door of the Established Church was opened for me, and I went in through an immense multitude, leaning upon the arm of a Church of England clergyman ; he praying most earnestly that God might support me, and so he did, blessed be his name !—It seems as if I had not done with the North yet; doors are opening on every hand, more than I can fill at present. I have been laid aside for some days, now going on two weeks past, with a heavy cold, under which I had to be blistered severely—but, oh, my beloved friend, if you were to see the kindness, the attention of this affectionate family, you would be ready to say with me, mine was no *affliction,* it was all indulgence and mercy : the two young ladies (Misses Jackson) slept in the room with me; they suffered none to watch—nor wake—nor attend me with drink—nor dress my blister, but themselves ; although I truly may say the whole house, the entire family were engaged for me, were attentive to me. No father,—no mother,—no brother,—no sister could shew more affectionate regard—O, what a God do I serve, how abundant in goodness : His mercies are new to me every morning, and every hour I have to declare His faithfulness. O that He may bless me with a truly grateful and thankful heart. I suppose I shall not leave this hospitable dome for a few days longer; this has been my first day of going down stairs, since my illness; but as soon as I am able, I must, please God, be off and labour, if He will condescend to employ me in His vineyard. My soul, thank mercy, is happy, and I feel no weariness in my Lord's service, no longings for the country behind; my Saviour, keep me faithful, even unto death."

From Belfast, she writes early in 1816 :—

"I spent a sweet time in Lurgan; my own soul was indeed much refreshed by Almighty love, and I trust many others were watered from the same fountain. In Lisburn we had amazing congregations. Thursday and Saturday evenings I spoke in the Methodist house, and again on Sunday morning. Sunday evening we were to meet in the Presbyterian house, at 6 o'clock, but that even was too small to hold the congregation. So, as there was no alternative, I had to go to the street, stood at Mr. Handcock's door, (a Quaker,) and spoke in the name and strength of my dear Master, to (as they told me on the least calculation,) three thousand. It was a solemn time; God, I believe, was with us. On Monday I came here as appointed—spoke in the Methodist house, on that and Wednesday evenings to, I may say, almost packed congregations. This evening I am to speak in Mr. Hanna's meeting house; on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, in the preaching house again—and in the evening, 5 o'clock, at White-house, about three miles from this. O, that my Lord may be with me, and bless me, and acknowledge His poor handmaid in the arduous, important, but glorious work!"

In another letter to Mrs. Haines, dated Tamnamore, July 1, 1816, she says:—

"I have been led to labour much in the Lord's vineyard of late: doors are opening on every hand, Presbyterians, Methodists &c., freely giving their houses, but almost in every place they are too small. Yesterday fortnight, in Lurgan, I had to go to a field, where it was judged that eight or ten thousand were assembled to hear. It was an awful, yet a delightful sight; I spoke, my Heavenly Father supported me, and, blessed be His name, the vast multitude heard not only with deep attention, but many seemed—yea, did surely feel the word. Yesterday, and on one day in the preceding week, I had to speak in the open air also: I think I may say with truth, that at each time, thousands assembled, and God was with us. My health has been very poorly from time to time, but the good physician has been very nigh with cordials to refresh and comfort my body and my soul. I am, if God will, to be in Monaghan next Saturday; I expect to stay but a few days there and at Crieve: I am to return to the North again, and am invited to Derry, Colerain, Downpatrick,* Carrickfergus, &c. May my Lord support and strengthen me, keep me at His feet, and enable me ever to glorify his grace."

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* During one of Miss Cambridge's visits to Downpatrick, she received a letter from the Rev. H. W—— of Saintfield, a minister of the Established Church, of which the following is an extract. It shows the estimation in which her labours were held, not only by the people, but by the clergy of various denominations :—

Clough, 20 *Nov*., 1816.

DEAR MADAM.

I rode yesterday into Down, to have the satisfaction of hearing from your mouth a word of exhortation, nor was I disappointed. I bless God for the

Early in 1817, Miss Cambridge again visited the Northern province, and held meetings in the principal towns of the counties of Londonderry, Tyrone, Armagh, Antrim, Down and Louth, with the same general acceptance and success, as durring her former tour. But as the Conference had in the present year adopted that measure, which led to the unhappy division amongst the Methodists in this country, party spirit was now at its height in Ulster, and she met with some things that deeply affected her; and which, she feared,

grace communicated to you, and the useful services He has enabled you to render in sounding the trumpet of salvation; may the effect be proportioned to the zeal of the instrument, and the sanctified wisdom of the address. My object in addressing you, my venerable friend and sister in the Gospel, is to urge your coming to Saintfield, if you can make it convenient: I have no vehicle for your conveyance but an humble car; my house shall be open and my heart also, to receive you; and I have no doubt, a suitable place of exhortation would not be wanting should you favour us with your company. We want such a herald in Saintfield very much, the great majority being heathens in heart, and the love of many, once faithful in Christ Jesus, having waxed cold. Alas! that the writer, the watchman, should be among the number. The God of Jacob direct all your resolves to the glory of His great name."

might have a tendency to retard the progress of the work of God. She thus expresses her feelings on the subject in a letter, dated Crieve, April 23, 1817, addressed to Mrs. Haines :—

"I feel much union with the people of the North. Many of them fear and love God; though, alas! they are in some places greatly divided and prejudiced, one against the other, on account of the Act which passed at the late Conference, in regard to the ordinance of the Sacrament—Oh, my dear friend, but it is carried to great lengths in some respects: I really cannot reconcile the spirit I have often seen manifested in print and otherwise, with the meek and lowly, the patient and long-suffering mind of the adorable Saviour. However, I trust God will so rule and overrule matters for His own glory, as to bring order out of confusion, and good out of the apparently spreading evil. I feel it sometimes hard and painful to pass between the opposite and contending parties; yet, on both sides, I see the amiable, the pious, the affectionate followers of my Master, and when I see His image, I look at and love it, and am thankful indeed, that in a general way they love me. When I see the contrary spirit, I feel pity; and wish that they would look to heaven for grace, so that their *moderation at least* might appear unto all men : my own soul, thank God, is happy, and I feel an increasing desire every day to be more like the Redeemer. Through what waves, and clouds, and storms, He has gently cleared my way; how has He borne with me and blessed me : I am really amazed, and am ready to say in the language of the hymn, 'Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost, in wonder, love and praise?' I am often delighted in prospect of my resting place, and am thankful that I have a haven to go to when I die; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. May infinite mercy keep me faithful unto death, that I may receive the crown of life, and bear an humble part in the immortal song of redeeming love for ever."

She soon after commenced her journey southward, and on her way laboured at various places in Cavan, Longford, Westmeath, Galway, King's County and Tipperary, and reached Limerick in July. She spoke several times in public during this visit ; but her mind was much disturbed at the disunion which then prevailed amongst the

Society; and she thus expresses her feelings on the subject, in a letter dated July 31st, 1817:—

"My soul has been often pained within me of late, when I remember Zion; but, for the peace of Jerusalem I trust I shall pray both day and night, and never hold my peace, until tranquillity within her walls be again restored. The people here, I am afraid, are about to separate one from the other. Lord give them all a single eye. I am, I trust, resolved to know nothing amongst them, but Christ, and him crucified." This was indeed the genuine language of a heart deeply interested in the prosperity and honour of her Maker's cause, which she feared might be wounded by the intemperate zeal of its advocates, who, having taken opposite views of the subject in dispute, were in danger of losing their religion in the ardour with which they maintained their respective opinions. Miss Cambridge, at an early period of the discussion, had expressed her earnest desire, that Methodism in Ireland should be permitted to remain on its primitive foundation; but she had many dear friends on both sides of the question, to some of whom she had been made personally useful. These were now no longer united in Christian fellowship, and it must have filled a mind ardently devoted to the service of her Redeemer, and ever anxious to impress on all with whom she held intercourse the necessity of a continual advancement in holiness, with exquisite pain, to find in too many companies into which she entered, the ebullitions of a fiery zeal in the cause of a party substituted for that meekness of wisdom, with which, in other and better days, the important business of religion was discussed, and plans devised for its advancement. Such, alas ! are the too frequent concomitants of religious strife. Some, it is to be feared, take a part in it from unworthy motives; while others, who are perfectly sincere, lose their charity in their zeal for the side they have espoused: they deny to their opponents that purity of intention, which they claim for themselves, and forget that the best of men in their present state of mental imperfection, may see the same object through different, and sometimes opposite mediums. Fully convinced of this, the humble follower of Jesus, while he firmly supports the cause which his conscience approves, will always be guided in the contest by that heavenly wisdom, which " is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." (James iii. 17.)

Miss Cambridge spent some months of this year amongst her attached friends in Cork, Bandon and Mallow. In the former place she deemed it prudent, under existing circumstances, not to speak in public; but she found ample occupation in visiting the fatherless and the widow, the sick and the destitute, which was to her a favourite employment. It was a peculiar trait in the character of this excellent woman, to seek anxiously for those stray sheep, who are too apt to be neglected by others. The conversion of soldiers particularly, was with her an object of great interest. Mrs. Haines relates the following incident which occurred at Mallow, during Miss Cambridge's visit this year, and which strikingly illustrates the foregoing remark. "About fourteen years since, when Miss Cambridge was in my house on a visit, a regiment of soldiers, who were passing through, I believe, to Cork, stopped, as is usual, a night here, on their way. On entering the town, they were drawn up in the street convenient to my house. Miss Cambridge, who was in the window, looked out at them with great apparent anxiety; and after walking up and down the room for some time, she expressed a wish that I would allow some of them to come into the house. I made an objection at first, not knowing what description of characters she might fall in with ; but I at length yielded to her repeated entreaties. She then went to the hall door, where having met one of them, she accosted him with much feeling, saying that he appeared to be greatly fatigued after his march ; and then asked him with three or four others to come in and take some refreshment. The poor fellows readily consenting, Miss Cambridge herself attended them, and liberally supplied their wants, so that they seemed quite won by her kindness. During the repast, she made particular inquiries respecting the route they were travelling, and asked them how long they had been in the army, and how many battles they had been in, &c. She then inquired if they had ever seriously considered whose hand had preserved them in the many imminent dangers through which they had passed ; and from this she seized the opportunity of pointing out to them, the long suffering mercy and providential care of their Heavenly Father, in sparing their lives to the present, and urged on them the necessity of now devoting themselves unreservedly to the God of all their mercies. The poor men were so overpowered by her earnest and affectionate manner, that they were soon in tears. She continued the conversation for some time, urging them to look to the Friend of Sinners for pardon and peace; and then kneeling down with them, she poured out her ardent supplications in their behalf, that the God of mercy would bless them with a sense of His favour, and that they might all meet to praise His glorious name in an eternal world. After they rose from their knees, she cordially took each by the hand, when they expressed their strong sense of her kindness towards them; and one of them told her that he had been the child of pious parents, and that since he left them he had travelled through many parts of the world; but that he had never before met any person who had spoken so faithfully to him on the weighty and important concerns of his immortal soul. O! how well would it be, if Christians were more faithful in thus discharging their duty to God and their fellow-creatures. Mrs. Haines adds, " A good many years since, at one of our quarterly love-feasts in this town, several soldiers attended. Many of them spoke on the occasion, and testified of the saving grace of God. Among the rest, one who from his dialect, appeared to be a native of Scotland, said that he had reason to bless God, that ever he heard a woman named *Ollis Cambridge*, for that the words which she had spoken had fastened on his heart; and that through her instrumentality, he was enabled to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God. I have, at different times, heard other military men bear similar testimony to her usefulness."

About the close of the year, Miss Cambridge went to New Ross, co. Wexford, where she remained till the end of January 1818, and frequently spoke in the Methodist preaching-house in that town. She also visited the city of Waterford upon this and former occasions, and addressed very large and respectable audiences; and about the middle of January she set out for the metropolis, where, and amongst her friends in the North and West of Ireland, she passed the greater part of the two subsequent years. In a letter to her friend, Mrs. Haines, dated Lurgan, August 12, 1818, she manifests a deep interest in the religious concerns of the South. "I should be glad," says she, "to know all about the Cork (once happy, now separated) Society, and Mallow, of course: what place have they for preaching in—how is the preaching attended—how do you like the preachers?—O! pray much for success on both sides—and that preachers and people may be leavened with the hallowing grace of God—yea, and that all the leaven of malice, bitterness, and evil speaking may be for ever purged out from amongst them. O, how have party spirit and prejudice disunited and divided the once happy and united followers of Jesus! O that they would agree to differ, and even to divide, without hating one another. Christ says, "This one thing I command you, that ye love one another." May you and I, my sister, and all we love, obey the voice of Him that spake as never man spake: love is the fulfilling of the law—and it is little matter, methinks, whatever else we possess, if destitute of love. I feel inclined to love all who love my dear master; for this I get a cold shoulder sometimes, and a little shove now and again; but I only say, "by your leave," and pass on. Being placed, I trust I may say, by Providence, in the way in which I have walked for some time past, I have been kept from taking any particularly decided part—

and when *I* would be inclined sometimes to bend towards one side, I still have been prevented by a "stand still, and see the salvation of God!" May the Lord undertake His own cause—may He purge away the dross, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Her public labours, however, during this period, were much interrupted by a severe bodily affliction, which detained her in the neighbourhood of Moate, co. Westmeath, till the summer of 1820, where she endeavoured to be useful in her limited sphere of action, whenever an interval of comparative health permitted. But as the ardent wish of her heart was to spend her last breath in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, she resolved, when a measure of health and strength returned, to renew her more extended labours in the vineyard of the Lord. In the month of June she set out for Limerick, expounding the word of life to numerous audiences at Birr and other places on her route. Her visit to Limerick was, as usual, warmly hailed by her numerous friends in that city; and after holding many profitable meetings at the old preaching-house, and amongst some select parties, she accepted an invitation from a lady who had been first awakened at one of the meetings which she had held in Limerick, some years before, to visit the town of Newcastle. She accordingly spent three weeks in that neighbourhood, and repeatedly addressed large congregations in Newcastle and Rathkeal. On the mental darkness prevailing in this part of the country, she feelingly and justly remarks: "Alas! gross ignorance seems to envelop the minds of the people in general, particularly in Rathkeal. Still there are a few in both places, blessed be God, who, I think, love and fear Him. O that their priests were all converted, then their poor ignorant flocks would read the Bible: but, ah me! there are thousands of Protestants, so called, who are not prohibited from reading the holy book, and who yet prefer the novel to the Scriptures."

Miss Cambridge spent some time in Limerick after her return from Newcastle, and then went by invitation to Roscrea, where she spoke several times in the new house erected by the Primitive Wesleyan Methodists, and visited the neighbouring towns of Cloghjordan, Shinrone, Birr, Templemore, &c. But these labours, at an inclement season of the year, were too much for a frame which had been greatly enfeebled by a long protracted illness; and on her return to Roscrea, she was again obliged to submit to a suspension of her public exertions. At this time she was visited by Mrs. Burr, a lady who resided in Nenagh, a member of the Baptist Congregation. Mrs. Burr had gone to Cloghjordan to hear her, and felt such union of spirit with her, that on learning she was ill, she went to Roscrea to visit her. On parting, she earnestly pressed Miss Cambridge to spend some time with her at Nenagh. She accepted the kind invitation, and a friendship was thus commenced, for which she greatly adored the Author of her Mercies, to the last moment of her life.

Her illness continued for several months after her arrival in Nenagh, and at one time her case was considered hopeless. On this subject, she writes as follows—the letter is dated Nenagh, March 22, 1821:—

"Four weeks last Saturday, since I was on the borders of Canaan, ready to step into the 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, the purchased inheritance.' Well may the redeemed sing;

"O what hath Jesus bought for me;
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise."

Thanks be to God for the great love wherewith he loved the world; blessed be His name, that whosoever believeth in Jesus (according to the Scripture,) *shall not perish*, but have everlasting life. How thankful I feel this day, that I have been brought to rest or build upon this foundation. "For other foundation can no man lay, than that which is laid, even Christ the chief corner stone." Through Him, pardon and peace, and holiness can be obtained—glory be to God that He is "the Way, the Truth and the Life."

"I'll spread my trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all."—

But I was saying I thought I was on the borders of the promised land. Yes, my sister, so I thought; but it has pleased my Heavenly Father to send me back, and bid me stop a little longer in this vale of tears—His will is best: may my soul in sweetest resignation bow and say, "Thy will be done." May He show me how, and when, and where to honour Him; for surely I feel that I am not my own, I am "bought with a price." Since I came to Nenagh, I have been with Mrs. Burr. She is a Baptist, and her husband of the Church of England; both have been remarkably kind, indeed beyond what I can express. For many weeks she has nursed me with all the tenderness of a sister or parent. O! what affection and tenderness I have met with from numbers in my pilgrimage through this wilderness. Well, it is the Lord's doing, and I may say, "it is marvellous in my eyes." May he remember and repay every act of kindness shown to his poor handmaid. I have not spoken in public since I came here, but hope in a few days to be able to speak a few words again in the Lord's name: I have much good to say of Him, for he has showed me great kindness."

As the spring advanced, her health and spirits revived considerably, and she resolved to visit Mallow, on account of the salubrity of its air, and because it was the residence of some of her most attached Christian friends. She reached that town about the close of May, 1821, and soon after expressed her grateful feelings for the numerous blessings she enjoyed, in the following letter, dated Firville, Mallow, June 21, 1821. It is addressed to her kind friend, Mrs. Burr, of Nenagh:—

"I am rejoiced to hear that you are well; may your blessings, your comforts, and your gratitude to the bountiful donor of them, continually increase. This is a beautiful place; nature, variegated nature in full dress, appears most delightful: all around, as far as my eye can reach, I see in various shades, the wonders of His hand, who said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'—The birds are warbling forth in artless notes His praise, who adorned them with their different suits of plumage, and feeds them daily without barn or store-house: all nature, flocks, fruits, trees, plants, flowers, &c., with silent thrill, or animated voice, proclaim, 'the hand that made us is divine.' I gaze, with wonder, and I hope with grateful feelings, on the God of nature and of grace, while my soul would sing with Eve in Milton, "These are thy glorious works, parent of good; Almighty! thine this universal frame." And do I admire, or am I led to adore Him in His works of creation! surely yes—how then should I admire and adore Him in the great and astonishing plan of man's redemption, through our Lord Jesus Christ? "It was great to speak a world from nought; it was greater to redeem." My health, thank God, is much better, though I have a little fresh cold; and I am much stronger than when we parted."

In the October of this year, she took up her residence in a cottage, in the vicinity of Mallow, where she continued for some months. We notice this circumstance for the purpose of introducing a letter, which she wrote from this seclusion to Mrs. Rice of Kinsale, and which strikingly exhibits the profitable views she was in the habit of taking from objects in the natural world:—

"I came to my pilgrim's tent, as I call it, on Monday the 8th inst.: Tuesday the 9th was the first day I ever spent alone in the same way, since I had a being; yet, I was not, I am not alone, for God is with me; my friends kindly visit me, and I am truly glad to see them, and have much cause to be thankful to many of them for their affectionate and unmerited kindness; and so, I trust, I am. But I am happy in my solitude, and often find by experience, that I am in the best company when I am alone, and have often a still closer walk with God. My habitation is but small, and the way to it at times rather unpleasant; but when you get into it, it is pleasant enough, and commands a pretty little prospect of wood and water, hill and valley. Opposite me, as I stand at my window, is a row of evergreens on the top of a hill; they appear very majestic, for while nature around them is putting on her annual grave-clothes, and thus putting man, if he would think, in mind of his dissolution, they look blooming and gay, and they put me in mind of the genuine saints or followers of Christ: how modest they appear in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; how piously cheerful, though not light or trifling; how divinely serious without being melancholy or sad; how like the evergreens, in the midst of dissolution and decay. True, they too must quit mortality like others, but thus says Jesus, 'He that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.'" John xi. 25.

During her residence at this time in Mallow, Miss Cambridge's delicate health did not permit her to engage in those public walks of usefulness, in which her soul delighted; yet, in a place so much resorted to as that town, by valetudinarians, she had many opportunities of directing perishing sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ, under the most awful circumstances; and there is good reason to believe that, in this way, she was made the instrument of much good to many souls. The following triumphant instance is furnished to us, by her own pen; it occurred in Mallow, during the summer of this year, the account being dated, 22d June, 1822:—

"Time is short." "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long"—Christ only, to the soul, and I may add to the body too, is a satisfying portion. I saw an instance of this in the sickness and death of a young lady, who exchanged time for eternity, on the 14th inst. She moved in what is called, the upper circles in life; but they did not, could not, make her happy. She became a prey to disease; a decline made rapid ravages on her mortal part; she came to this town some months ago, for the benefit of the waters, accompanied by her amiable sister, and a kind relative: a short time after, I was introduced by a lady to visit her, and continued to do so for some time; at last the painful task devolved on me of letting her know her danger; which, through mercy I was enabled to do in a variety of little ways. She felt it, but did not seem to relish the message, nor the messenger; and for a time, I believe, did not wish much to see me. However, it came round again, that I was sent for; and all along I was informed of the state of mind she was in, by her dear sister and cousin. Latterly I visited her frequently; she felt much at seasons; she saw herself a lost sinner, condemned and dead by the law—helpless and hopeless in herself—she saw Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, who came to seek and to save that which was lost; but, she said, there seemed to be a veil between Him and her, so that she could not, in the way she longed for, call Him her Saviour: she complained much of the languor, both of her body and mind, and many an agonized moment I had on her account. Her dear sister too, though a young disciple, (according to St. Paul's words,) travailed in birth with her and for her.—The dear Lord and Saviour, did not disappoint us in the end. He came to her relief. On Thursday the 6th inst. I was with her; at first she was rather dull and heavy; we all felt it, and thought she wanted to be roused; when presently she got into a state of great distress, and exclaimed, "I am wretched!" I said then to her sister, I have no liberty to speak to Miss Olivia on any subject but the love of God; and while we were yet speaking on the delightful theme, I said words to this effect: "The Lord Jesus will bless you: He came to save sinners, He will not disappoint you;" when instantly she put her hands across her bosom, and cried out, while the tears in torrents rolled down her lovely cheeks, He won't—He won't—O, I see Him—I see Him—as I never did before! From that moment she rested upon Jesus, as her own Jesus.

"Faith kept its hold, and on the 14th inst. her deliverer seemed to kiss her soul away, for she so sweetly and calmly fell asleep in Him, that we did not know the spirit had left its tenement of clay, until a few minutes after it had taken its flight. Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift of a Saviour!—happy are the people whose God He is—and oh, how evident, in all the dispensations of His providence, that He is long-suffering, and of great kindness; "that he delighteth not in the death of a sinner."—She said to me one day while sitting with her, I was this day twelve months, at a ball at the castle of Dublin; how different the scene was then; and how unsatisfying those things, in which the world takes pleasure, appear at the time of sickness or death. She had, her cousin told me, a fortune of twenty thousand pounds—surely she deemed it latterly, but as dross. She is gone, I trust, to inherit true and durable riches in the kingdom of God, and to sing His praise for ever, who loved her, and who washed her from her sins in his own blood. I hope the Lord will direct the dear, the amiable sister she has left behind. She will have many snares to pass through or withstand—a very large fortune, an agreeable person, very attractive and most pleasing manners, are allurements for a deceitful and insinuating world: but she has God to look to; she loves Him, and at present leans upon Him; may He direct her by His counsel, and bring her to glory. Never did a sister pay more attention to soul or body than she did to her loved Olivia: may they live and praise redeeming love together in heaven, when time is no more, and O! that I may in mercy, join them in the heavenly exalted theme."

In July, 1823, Miss Cambridge accepted an invitation to visit Kinsale; and though she still laboured under considerable debility, she, upon several occasions during her stay, addressed large and respectable congregations in the preaching-house recently erected by the Primitive Wesleyan Methodists. From Kinsale she went to Bandon, for the last time; and the prospect of seeing her native place once more, filled her memory with recollections, which caused her soul to overflow with gratitude to heaven, for the innumerable mercies which had marked her path through life. She thus expressed her feelings on the occasion, in a letter, dated Kinsale, July 10, and addressed to R. S. Esq., Tyrrel's-pass :—

"To-morrow I expect, if God will, to set out for Bandon. O that my gracious Lord and Master might indeed come with me and bless me, and make me a blessing in the place where He first gave me being; where He taught my heart to pray, and made my eyes o'erflow; and where he led me to sit under the droppings of the sanctuary, and filled my soul with peace and joy;—where he first opened my mouth, and loosed my stammering tongue to pray in public with a few young friends.—O how has he led me on!—What wonders of grace I behold!—Surely I may say with heartfelt gratitude to my kind preserver,

"It was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go."

And shall I not add with all the intensity of desire,

"O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
May all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine."

In a letter to Mrs. Rice, she gives the following account of her visit to Bandon, where she spoke several times in the Primitive Wesleyan Methodist Preaching-house:—

"I spent a sweet time in my native town, and was much engaged. The Lord, I think, was with us of a truth, and the people evinced great affection towards me; my heart got much united to them. Surely I love Bandon; but O! how changed it is. I went to the street where I was born, but did not know the spot on which stood the house where first I drew my breath, nor the dear little garden, to which I had so often resorted for prayer; and I could scarcely discover where the old preaching-house stood, in which I was first convinced of sin, and where pardon, through boundless love, was sealed upon my heart.

I felt much, while I looked and walked, and talked with a few of my dear Lord's followers. I met some of my old fellow-travellers in the kingdom and patience of Jesus still alive, and pursuing, through grace, their heavenly way; while others, alas! who once ran well, have fallen from their steadfastness. Blessed be God, I also met many whom I had not known before, with their faces Zionward."

Soon after her return to Mallow, she was invited by her kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, to spend some time with them at the Cove of Cork, which she did; and at their earnest solicitation, agreed to pass the winter with them at Nenagh. She accordingly arrived in that town about the close of October, and though she still had frequent attacks of difficult breathing, &c. she resolved to devote her little remaining strength to the promotion of every object connected with her Divine Master's glory, and the salvation of perishing souls; and she missed no opportunity of evincing the interest which she took in all the Christian institutions of the country. In a communication dated Nenagh, Nov. 7th, 1823, she states, that on the preceding Sabbath, she had attended a sermon at the church, in aid of the Protestant school, under the patronage of the Association for Discountenancing Vice, when a very considerable collection was made. She adds, "I have had the mournful privilege of seeing the sorrowful procession that attended the remains of the much lamented Rev. William Hoare, on the 29th ult. It was indeed a very affecting sight, and I wept heartily. He was a truly zealous man; and has, I think, left a blank in the church and city of Limerick, that it will not be very easy to fill. However, He who of stones can raise up children to Abraham, can also raise up faithful ministers to supply the place of those, whom, in his unerring wisdom, He is pleased to call from His vineyard below, to His harvest above."

In the beginning of December, she felt sufficient strength to enable her again to commence her favorite employment, of calling sinners to repentance; and for some time she exhorted every Sunday in the preaching-house at two o'clock, and on the evening of Wednesday, at the house of a lady, who kindly accommodated her with her drawing-room, for the purpose. She also took an active part in the management of the parochial school, and its interests were greatly promoted by her exertions. She writes, under date, Jan. 17, 1824:—"On the 22d of December, the children were examined by the Rev. Mr. Head, and the Rev. Mr. Bredon: Mr. F. the curate of the parish, kindly invited me to attend, that I might have an opportunity of hearing them. I went, and was much gratified. After the examination was over, I mentioned to Mr. F., that I thought it would be very encouraging to the children, to give them a breakfast by subscription, and that if I had his sanction, I would mention it to some friends. This being readily granted, I spoke to my friends on the subject, and also recommended it at the meeting on Wednesday night: every one seemed interested in the plan, and on the next day some of them began to take up subscriptions for it; and so successful were they, that instead of a breakfast, all the children, male and female, were invited to a good substantial dinner, to which 137 children sat down, in sweet order and harmony on New-year's day, while their friends and benefactors stood and served them. Every thing was conducted with the greatest regularity, and the sight was calculated to fill every benevolent heart that witnessed it, with joy and gratitude.

After defraying all the expenses, there remained an overplus of more than four pounds, which was augmented on the following day, to nine or ten; and this was laid out in purchasing calico, linen, cord, flannel, stuff, &c. for clothing the most needy amongst the children. There is now a subscription on foot, for building a schoolhouse."

The many kind friends which Miss Cambridge found in Nenagh, and the sphere of usefulness which it appeared to present to her, led her to entertain serious thoughts of making it her resting place for the remainder of her life. Before, however, she fixed her resolution, she once more visited her friends in Mallow, some of whom earnestly solicited her to continue amongst them; but as she always sought the Divine guidance, and wished to follow the leadings of an unerring providence, so far as she could discern them, she could see no sufficient reason for altering her first intention, and she accordingly returned to Nenagh, at the commencement of the following winter, and again met a cordial reception from her attached friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burr.

She had now entered her 63d year; but notwithstanding her advanced age and increasing infirmities, her ardent love for her fellow-creatures would not permit her to relax her exertions for the advancement of their interests, both spiritual and temporal. She was accordingly much engaged in visiting the sick, and relieving the distressed, as far as her own limited means and the influence which she possessed over others extended. The flame of charity which animated her breast, was kindled by the pure flame of Divine love, and cherished by gratitude for the undeserved mercies, of which she herself had been the object through life, and the expressions of which were almost constantly flowing from her tongue or her pen. In December 1824, she writes thus to a lady.—" Forty-four years, this month, I have been without a mother in this vale of tears. Yes, in this month, forty-four years ago, I was watching over her dying bed: I was then young, and she was taken from me. It was a painful parting—a heart-rending affliction to me; but it was a sanctified one. My Lord dealt friendly, tenderly, mercifully with me, and He has done so to the present hour. He brought me to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus: He took me under his sheltering wing, and hitherto He has helped me: I am now old, but He is with me still, and He will be with me, for he has said it, and He is faithful. O! that He may enable me to bring forth much fruit in my old age, to the praise and glory of His great name. I do indeed love Him, because He first loved me; but I want to love Him more and more. Well, I trust, ere long, He will allow me to see Him, and love Him, and praise Him, as I would, and as I ought, for ever. Dearest Saviour, keep me to that day."

As Miss Cambridge was now confirmed in her resolution of settling in Nenagh, and as she possessed a small independence, she took lodgings in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Burr, who was extremely averse that she should leave their house. But a sense of delicacy would not permit her to trespass any longer upon the kindness of this excellent family, while the strong attachment which she had such just cause to feel for them, made her anxious to fix her residence near them. "O! how strange," said she, in a letter to Mr. Haines, "that Christian friends of another denomination, should be the leading cause of my coming here, and so anxious for my stay.

This has been a weight to my mind, as I did not wish to be tied to any place, particularly to Nenagh, though I greatly and gratefully love my dear friends here, to whom I am much indebted. While I was able and had a place to accommodate them, the people in general, attended regularly at divine worship, I had large congregations, and had a place still provided by one friend or another, while I was able to speak to them—still Nenagh is not the place I would choose for myself, but looking at the leadings of Divine Providence toward me, whatever I do or may feel, I hope I willingly bow at my dear Lord's feet, and say, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." "Not my will, my Heavenly Father, but thine be done." —I shall be happy in my little tent, for He will, I trust, be with me always, and His presence only, can make my Paradise; I shall not long be absent from my happier home; for

> "Time like an ever rolling stream,
> Bears all its sons away."

Soon my spirit shall return to the God from whom it came—

> "Let my lamp—my heart be burning
> With a pure seraphic flame."

All devoted to the sin-atoning lamb.—' Then no matter, how or where, I in this desert live.' If my Lord is but with me, all will be well."

From a letter which she wrote, soon after, to Mrs. Haines, she appears to have meditated a renewal of her public exertions. She informs her that Mr. L. had just taken a place for the preaching of the Primitive Wesleyan Methodists, and that she was to exhort there a little, according to her strength and ability; and she solicits her Mallow friends to help them with four or five pounds, to enable them to get forms, and a little pulpit. In the month of April, she paid a visit to Dublin, where she continued till the beginning of July. Of this, her last visit to the capital, she writes thus, from Monastereven, July, 1825:—" I am now on my way back to Nenagh: I have left Dublin, perhaps never to behold it again, and I have left many in it, whom I love, though I saw, comparatively, but few of them, while I was there. Well, I hope, bye and bye, to meet my friends in heaven, and then we'll part no more." On her journey homeward, she addressed packed congregations at Monastereven, Stradbally, Mountrath, and Roscrea. " I was truly supported;" she says in a letter to a lady, "in the arduous, though delightful service of that dear Saviour, whose I am, and whom I trust I may say, I wish to love and serve. O that I may never live to myself, or to please myself—but to Him who brought me out of darkness into His marvellous light, who bore my sins in His own body on the tree, and by whose stripes I am healed."

CHAPTER IV.

HER PROTRACTED ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Though Miss Cambridge was now becoming daily more infirm, and subject to occasional attacks of severe illness, yet through the remainder of this year, and the whole of the subsequent one, she held regular meetings in the little house which had been fitted up in Nenagh; and the Cloghjordan Missionary preaching there every second Sabbath, she addressed the congregation on the alternate Sabbaths.

In December, 1825, she gave Mrs. H. the following account of her situation and employment in Nenagh:—

"I have little expectation of seeing you on earth again, but hope by Divine grace, to meet you in glory—I have but little now on earth to induce me to cleave to it. "There's nothing now to court my stay:" I am a stranger and a pilgrim in this world, but the stranger's shield, and the pilgrim's guide, I hope is with me; only for this, I would be very low and very lonely: His presence cheers me by day, and often by night also, when I lie awake and drop a tear upon my pillow. While He allows me to talk to Him, to call upon Him, and to tell Him all I feel, yea every thing that concerns me, I find Him at all times a present help in trouble,—a God nigh at hand, and not afar off—He is good, very good, even to unworthy me.—O what would I do now in my old age, and among strangers without such a Saviour; surely He will "guide me with His counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory."

> "I shall behold His face; I shall His power adore,
> And sing the wonders of His grace, for evermore."

"Glory be to God, that in Christ all fulness dwells, and all for wretched man; for you, my sister, for me, for all Adam's fallen posterity: for Jesus by the grace of God, tasted death for every man. Hallelujah! glad tidings! glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all people:* "For unto us a child is born," a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!—O that we may keep the feast, (Christmas,) and praise Him as we would for ever.

"My lodging is very small; I have some little annoyances in it, but I have much comfort at seasons. I sometimes think that there is not a being in the world has more cause to be thankful that I have: my health is fluctuating, and I am often very poorly; yet, in this also, I have cause for thankfulness—I have struggled to attend the meetings since we got the room, and I have been supported. The little congregation keeps up, and are very attentive; I feel at home with them when there, but alas! alas! Nenagh is a very dark and dead place: O the days that are gone by!—Well, thank God, a better day is approaching, when all shall meet in the Zion above, and without one discordant string, unite in sweetest harmony, to sing the Saviour's praise for ever. Poor Mr. Rogers, (one of the preachers then sick in Mallow,) not poor, *rich* in grace, and near His Father's house, His heavenly home, to dwell with His God for ever; may He with holy triumph pass the gates of death; looking with unshaken confidence, to the Captain of His Salvation."

From the letters which she wrote after this period, she appears to have been gradually declining, while her spirits were much depressed, by her comparative state of seclusion and inactivity. Yet an unwavering confidence in the God of all her mercies, was still her strong tower, as will appear from the following extracts; *Sept. 7th*, 1825:—"I have great cause for thankfulness to the God of my mercies; and I humbly trust I am thankful; but my feelings and my nerves are at this moment greatly affected. O how much like a stranger and pilgrim I appear to myself in Nenagh. Yet the orphan's stay, the stranger's shield, and the pilgrim's guide is with me, and has promised to be always with me—then all is, and will be well. O that I may ever cleave close to Him, and know, desire, esteem, nothing but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." *Feb. 23d*, 1826. "I feel I am hastening to the house appointed for all living. Well, God is good, very good indeed to me—He has dealt tenderly and mercifully with me all my days—He leaves me no room for complaint, but much for gratitude, humiliation and praise." *Sept. 15th*, 1826. "Sometimes, in this place, my harp appears as if it was unstrung, and seems to hang mournfully on the willows; and I have hardly any one to sympathise with me, or to whom I can open my mind. Yet He who died for me, is dear to my heart, and, all praise to His name, He enables me to say, in the language of the disciple of old, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." *Nov.* 14*th*, 1826. "I am still in the body. I am now old and infirm, living among strangers, and I may say, in one sense, alone. Yet not without friends. O no! there are some that care for me, even in Nenagh. My dear Mrs. Burr and family continue very kind—but the best of all is, God is with me. Ah! life would now be a very painful journey to me without Him. Through grace, I hope soon to be with Him, and sing His praise for ever."

The nervous debility under which Miss Cambridge had laboured for some time, assumed in the spring of 1827, the form of a strong paroxysm, which in some degree affected her intellects. At this period she received a visit from her attached friends, Mr. and Mrs. Haines, but it would appear from the following letter written to Mrs. Haines, soon after her partial recovery, that she was scarcely sensible of their presence. It is dated Nenagh, June 27, 1827:—

"Your last kind letter now lies before me, dated the 2d instant. I have read it with mingled feelings of affection and gratitude; but I have sometimes doubted whether it was yours or not; the language it contains is like you, affectionate, constant, sympathising, sincere; the hand is also like yours—but I have doubted whether you or my kind brother have been here at all recently, all seemed to be magic or imagination. My mind has been, and still is, at times, strangely affected; my whole nervous system seems to be shaken or unstrung: since my first heavy sickness I have never been well, and since I began to creep out of bed I have had something still to agitate my poor debilitated body and mind: oh! if you had been by me to witness every scene, you would have felt much and pitied me; from the very first dawnings of recovery after the first heavy fit, Mrs. Burr and family were kind, very kind indeed, and she, (though often very poorly) or Miss Talbot, or some of the family were often with me. They continue to be kind; may I be grateful to my God for friends and every comfort bestowed. Still I felt the want of a tender Christian friend, being *constantly* with me —but that I could not, nor cannot expect. I have never been well since the time mentioned above; latterly weaker and worse, partly confined to bed, mostly to my bed-room: for some days past I have been creeping down stairs, but am very feeble in my limbs—God, the God of my salvation, is indeed, as you say, the rock of ages. He has surely been good and gracious to me, all the days of my life; I ought to trust Him, and not be afraid; yet, somehow, my confidence has been shaken, my faith not as strong as usual, I have been writing bitter things against myself, and charging myself foolishly with things my heart would shudder at; at least I think I have. I know the Lord is the same faithful God He ever was, He knows no change: yet, I greatly wander in prayer at times, have been greatly distressed and full of unbelief, and could not shed a tear; now my heart appears more soft, and I can weep, indeed I generally find it sweet to weep and pray; yet, neither my body nor mind appear to be what they were; I am rather in a strange way, a mystery to myself—pray for me, my ever dear friend, and write freely."

Miss Cambridge suffered more or less from extreme nervous debility, from this period, to the close of her life, as appears from all her subsequent letters. As they are almost the only guide we possess for delineating her character, when in prospect of eternity, we shall give some extracts from them, particularly as they breathe a spirit well calculated to encourage every child of God, who may be placed in similarly distressing circumstances. Though often in solitude, and labouring, in consequence of her bodily affliction, under a degree of mental imbecillity, which sometimes induced her almost to despond; yet in the midst of her sufferings, she could say with holy Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." And when, at seasons her gracious Lord dispelled the gloom which was permitted to envelop the mind of his afflicted servant, she could realize the truth of her Redeemer's consolatory words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The letters from which the following extracts are given, are all addressed to Mrs. Haines:—

"*Nenagh, July* 25, 1827.—I am, thank God, better in my health, though not well or strong. My spirits are sometimes much depressed, and I feel that I continually need the supporting hand of the Lord to bear me up. I think, at times, that I have many enemies around me, who strive to distract and distress me. At other times I feel like one shut up in prison, or that I am like one dreaming, and that past and present scenes appear like mystery or magic, which I cannot comprehend. I know that I have been ungrateful to my best friend in numberless instances; yet He is the 'friend that sticketh closer than a brother.' On Him I strive to cast my care, and I believe he careth for me. I bitterly lament that I have not been more grateful and faithful to Him—yet I love Him, because He first loved me. May He enable me to give evidence of it by submitting with humble obedience to His will—to whatever, pleasing or painful, he may permit to come upon me. Sometimes I am enabled to cast all my care upon Him—at other times my confidence is shaken, and I am greatly cast down. I have few now with whom I can hold Christian fellowship, and at seasons I think I am become like a pelican in the wilderness, or like a sparrow on the house top. May I be enabled to put my cause into the hands of the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace—my one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

"*October* 14, 1827.—You have often, in spirit, been present with me, when alone, but never more so than this morning. I was sitting by the fire, with a hymn-book in my hand, and thought of the hymn you used to sing for me, 'To thee, my God and Saviour, &c.' I was carried in a moment to the place where you often sung it for me, and I delighted to hear and to join you with great sincerity. I am far from you this morning, and probably I shall never see you more in the flesh. O! that I may in mercy meet you and my kind brother Haines, in the kingdom of God, and see you abundantly rewarded for all the unmerited affection which you have shown me in various ways—I feel it at my heart. I am a weak, debilitated creature, at present, forgetting and forgetful, and I think nobody writes or speaks to me as I could wish. I awoke the other morning with the following words of a hymn on my lips:—

"Pity now poor bleeding Zion,
'Hear thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep."

It was sounding in my ears and in my heart for a long time."

"*February* 9, 1828.—I have been very poorly for some time back, confined to bed at times, and hardly able to be up at any time. But my God has been kind beyond expression—and when was He unkind? O never—never unkind to me—always merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and of great kindness—blessed for ever, blessed be His name! He has sweetly and often visited me in my late illness. Truly, I may say, with the poet—

"Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
Even crosses from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

I was sitting up in bed, one morning, viewing His mercies, and thinking on many things, and contrasting the creature with the Saviour, the friend of sinners, when the following verse was brought to my mind—

"O! for a true and lasting friend! but where can such be found?
Such precious fruit but seldom grows on this poor barren ground;
Jesus, in thee, our eyes behold this miracle Divine;
When other friendships all grow cold, there still is warmth in thine."

Oh ! how His presence and perfections shone in upon my mind—He visited me in the loveliness and harmony of His attributes, in His mercy, and dying love. O ! how lovely He appeared in every character and name He bore—how superior to every thing in earth or heaven—and, surely, ‘ there is nothing like our God !’ I was greatly refreshed—I was almost overwhelmed—I sunk into my own nothingness, while I sat at His feet, adoring—lost in wonder, love, and praise. He has often visited me since, in mercy. O ! that I could love and praise Him as I would, and as I ought. My Lord, help me to praise thee, and make me more like thee every day—yea, every hour, till I ‘ leave the dull body behind—and escape to the heavenly shore.’ I have had many things to try me during the year that is past—and I have been tried to the very quick : many of the scenes that are past I cannot comprehend at all ; but this I know, because the word of God assures me of it : that ‘ all things work together for good to them that love God.’ I believe I love Him, and am sure I long to love Him more ; and, therefore, hope the promise is for me. I am glad to hear of Mr. Ramsey's usefulness amongst you—and trust, his piety and zeal will increase every day, until the Lord says finally unto him, 'well done—enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne:' he is the son of an old friend of mine. I am pleased at the account you give me of your Sunday-school—and thankful that dear Mary, Charles, and Dora are so active and useful in it—and while they are teachers, I give you, and your other dearer self, much credit for sending the younger children as pupils—it is a good example, and bye and bye, please the Lord, Eliza, Anna, and Josephine, will be teachers too. How does Charles get on with his library? I hope well—please give him, from me, for it, five shillings donation."

July 13, 1828.—She writes in a tone of great despondency:—" My mind is painfully tossed on a sea of distress. I feel it 'hard toiling to make the blest shore'—hard toiling, now, indeed, for the heavenly pilot does not appear to be in the vessel; and I cannot get safe to the harbour of rest without him. It is dark, and the storm is very high; but I do not hear him say, 'It is I, be not afraid.' If he were with me to cheer and to steer, all would be well—His soul-reviving presence diffuses joy and gladness through the soul wherever it is felt. O! what it is to grieve such a friend; not to follow Him fully, according to His word. I seldom go out, and am mostly alone. I cannot redeem time as I could wish, having little to do that I can do. I cannot find comfort in reading, nor in writing—no, nor in prayer; for I often creep to a throne of grace, and endeavour to pour out my soul in supplication to the Friend of sinners; but seldom do I renew my strength by waiting upon Him. I often sit down in my little room, and in the deepest self-abasement, address Him, as a friend whom I know to be present; but I am not comforted. Few friends now call to see me, except dear Mrs. Burr and her family."

Thus, was the soul of this excellent woman weighed down by her bodily infirmities; and, she was for a long season "in heaviness, through manifold temptations." Yet, through all this gloom, her eye is constantly fixed on the Saviour; and all her letters breathe the fixed resolve, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" And before her departure from this world of grief and sin, she was enabled, in a great measure, to realize the consolations with which God comforts his children after these manifold temptations, the causes and consequences of which are thus beautifully described in 1 Peter i. 7—9—"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ; whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

In some of Miss Cambridge's latest letters there appears an increase of holy confidence. In one of these she says, "I am weak and debilitated; but God is, I trust, the strength of my heart; and will, I hope, be my portion for ever. I am much alone, yet not alone, for God is with me; and allows me in the absence of earthly friends, to view Him as ever present; and permits me to tell Him all that concerns my mind. I feel, however, that I am still in the wilderness, not yet at home—and I want to keep every moment looking unto Jesus. I cannot go on my way without Him. May He guide me by His counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory!"

The last letter, which she addressed to her friend, Mrs. H., was dated September 7, 1828, After stating her continued debility of mind and body, she expresses her joy at some good news she had received concerning Zion, and exhorts her correspondent to renewed diligence in the Lord's service. She concludes by saying, "I went out last night, to hear Mr. Craig preach. I never felt my wandering mind in such a way, under a sermon before—yet I got it fixed a little, and wept, while he dwelt on the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ—the patient suffering Lamb of God! The very name of Jesus sometimes wounds—and, O! how sweetly it often sounds in a believer's ear."

Of the manner in which Miss Cambridge passed the few remaining months of her life, we have few particulars. But, Mr. M'Fann, who was one of the Primitive Wesleyan Methodist preachers on the Roscrea circuit, at that period, has furnished us with the following general view of her spiritual state, during her long protracted sufferings:—

"It was my lot to visit Nenagh, occasionally, during Miss Cambridge's last illness, which may be considered of long continuance; for, although she was not more than one or two weeks confined to her bed, previous to her death; yet, there was evidently a prostration of her physical and mental energies for the last two years of her life: owing to this, it was not to be expected there could be the same strong expressions of faith and trust, as when her bodily and mental faculties were more vigorous. Not that I ever doubted of her 'being accepted through the Beloved,' during the whole of her painful and protracted illness, nor any other religious friend who visited her, with whom I had an opportunity of conversing—there was not wanting satisfactory evidence that her heart and her treasure were in heaven. At every time I visited her, the first and chief subject of conversation was the prosperity of Zion—in this, invariably, she felt the greatest interest; she would converse, with much emotion, on any plans of usefulness I might have adopted, or have had in contemplation. The advancement of God's cause, in whatever department of the church of Christ, afforded her the highest pleasure—but owing to her extreme nervous debility, there was a morbidness of apprehension relative to her own personal experience, that kept her generally from those strong consolations, which, perhaps, she might, in the time of health, have anticipated.

‘She groaned, being burdened’—not, indeed, with guilt and condemnation; but by the corruptible body pressing heavily on the soul, which was yet ‘at home in the body.’

“The circumstances of Miss Cambridge’s last illness afford an additional illustration of the important remark made by Mr. Fletcher, ‘that some comparatively *weak* believers might die most blessedly, and some *strong* ones for the farther purification of their faith, or reasons inscrutable to us, might have tremendous conflicts.’ But, however, the Lord was pleased at the last to shine forth with the joys of His salvation upon his feeble handmaid—

“Tried to the last, but not forsook,
But honoured with distinguished grace;
Heavenward she cast a dying look,
And saw once more her Saviour’s face.”

“The sovereign will of our heavenly Father is frequently manifested out of those depths, unfathomable to our very limited comprehension—‘what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.’ One thing, however, is plain, ‘It shall be well with the righteous.’ I fully believe the truth of the sentiment, (allowing *all* our salvation to be of grace,)—‘ the deeper our sorrows, the louder we'll sing.’ There is no doubt, but this is now the experience of our departed friend and sister, who has entered into ‘ the rest that remaineth for the people of God.’ ”

Mr. M‘Fann's concluding remarks are fully corroborated by the account of Miss Cambridge's last moments, as communicated by Miss Burr, her constant and watchful attendant, during the solemn scene :—

“ A few days before Miss Cambridge's death,” says Miss Burr, “ when I asked her how she felt,” she said, “ I am getting on to my Father's house, where I hope to arrive safe. He has been with me to this ; and I trust, He will be with me all through. Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly—it is better far to depart and be with Christ—but, Father, not my will, but thine be done.” At another time, she said to me, “ O follow Jesus fully, fully—nothing know but Christ crucified—nothing else will do.” On Sunday, as I sat by her, she said, “ They shall run and not be weary—they shall walk and not faint.” I remarked, I believe that promise is to them that wait on the Lord. She replied, “ It is to them, and to them only.” She then repeated the entire verse. I said, We have a great many promises in His word to encourage us to wait on Him. She replied, "We have, and a great many threatenings against those that are disobedient, and slight Him; and His word is sure in both—God is faithfulness itself!" On Wednesday, when the doctor called, she said, he could not do any thing for her; and she was not able to see him. Soon after, the Rev. Mr. Fetherstone came to administer the sacrament; and she got herself propped up, and joined in the solemn service, as she always did, with the greatest decorum. On the same day, the Rev. Mr. Edmondson visited her; and asked her, if she had an assured hope—and if she found Christ precious? She answered, O! yes: he asked her if he should offer up a prayer; she said, yes; and when he was done, she seemed to exert all her remaining strength, to say Amen, and prayed God to bless him. Sometimes, if I asked her did she want any thing, she would reply, "I want more grace—I want stronger faith"—or "I want more of the things from above." One time she said, "O! look to Jesus, look to Jesus; and rejoice in His dear name!" I said, Glory to God, that you are enabled to rejoice in Him now; she said, "Lord be praised! Lord be praised! what would I do now only for that?" On Thursday morning, she sunk rapidly, and when her eyes were almost closed, as I stood by her bed, she asked, "Who is that?" When she was told, she said, "Let me see her." I said, I am here; can I do any thing for you? She replied, "help me." I said, Your God will help and support you; do you feel Christ a support? She answered, "O! yes, he is." Immediately she said something I did not understand about her soul; I observed, Jesus will receive your soul. She then said, with a loud voice, "He will, my dear—He will, He will!" And soon after she breathed out her soul into the arms of her Beloved, on the 1st day of January, 1829, which was also her birth-day. She had just completed her 67th year."

Thus, did the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, dispel the gloom which, for a season, had partially hidden His cheering beams from the soul of His afflicted servant; and, in her last hour, she was enabled, with holy confidence, to address that Good Shepherd, who had conducted her through life, in the language of the psalmist: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Miss Cambridge, during her residence at Nenagh, had exerted herself as far as her strength and ability permitted, to be useful to the souls and bodies of her fellow-creatures; and these exertions led to considerable intercourse with the established clergymen of that town, by whom her character was held in the highest estimation. This appears in the following extract from a Funeral Sermon, delivered in the church, on occasion of her death, in which the reverend preacher observes:—

"We have all a great deal to do, and our existence here is very short indeed: for, like the flower of the field, we shall all quickly pass away—but we do not cease to live at our departure; no—we only change our residence, and enter upon another world, where we shall live for ever, either in happiness or misery. To prepare for eternity, then, should be your immediate and every day employment. Whilst you are living at ease, and putting off or neglecting this work, your souls are in the most perilous condition—for God may suddenly cut short your life, and call you before His awful tribunal; and, O, what a terrible change would that be to the generality! Would not some of you—I put it to your own consciences—if you were now called before your God, come into His presence with fear and trembling? But, blessed be God, all are not thus unprepared. Some there are, who, if called out of this world, ever so suddenly, would come into the presence not of an angry, an offended God—but a God reconciled in Christ, who would not leave the earth in any fears of future wrath—but with the confident hope of a glorious and blessed immortality. And such was that exalted character, whom it has pleased God to take so lately, and, I may say, so suddenly, from amongst us. The life of the late lamented Miss Cambridge was, indeed, a life of continual preparation for eternity. At an early period she entered into the service of her God, which she never after deserted; not content with an inactive Christian life, she laboured zealously and diligently in the Lord's vineyard—and, like her divine Master, went about doing good to the souls and bodies of her fellow-creatures. Of her public life I can say but little, for I know but little; but this much I can say, that she was actuated by the purest and most exalted motives: it was not the love of the praise of men, the approbation of worms of the earth, like herself, that influenced her; but a pure principle of love to the souls of those who were perishing in their sins; it was indeed, her heart's desire to guide those who were in darkness to the marvellous light of the Gospel, and to bring back wandering souls to the great Almighty Saviour Jesus; upon whom she ever directed them to build all their hopes of eternal salvation. Nor were her pious labours in vain in the Lord. Some there are, who will have reason to bless God all their days—yea, and throughout all eternity, that He had made her the instrument of conveying to them the knowledge of Christ, and of the way of salvation, through His all-atoning blood. She was never ashamed to confess herself a disciple of the despised Nazarene; but, on the contrary, she gloried in his cross; and, if I should say, it was her determination to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, I believe, I should say the truth. And, as she directed others to the Saviour, so she herself placed all her reliance upon Him—He was her all in all—out of His fulness she expected every spiritual blessing—to Him she looked for grace to withstand temptation, for strength to resist her spiritual enemies—to Him she looked for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption; in short, she lived a life of faith in the Son of God. And her faith was not like that of some, merely speculative, but practical, producing the fruits of a holy obedience, and influencing her to walk after the example of Christ's blessed life. Nor was it her part to run well for a season only; but to persevere to the end, so that she could say, with St. Paul, in her last hours: "I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course—I have kept the faith;" and, we may add, that henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give her on that day when He comes to be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe. She was amongst us a shining light, which has shone before us; and let us, after her example, improve the short and uncertain period of our existence here, not only to our own eternal benefit, but to the good of our fellow-creatures—let us instantly seek to have our souls washed in the precious blood of Jesus, and our hearts renewed by the sanctifying influences of His Holy Spirit—let us instantly devote ourselves to God's service, and resolve to glorify Him in our bodies and spirits, which are His—so that when the summons shall be sent to us from on High, we may be found equally prepared as she was; and whenever God may call us hence, it may be not to plunge us into everlasting perdition—but to bestow upon us crowns of glory, and an inheritance in that kingdom which He has prepared for his saints from the beginning of the world."

The Rev. Mr. Fetherstone, who attended Miss Cambridge in her last moments, also bore testimony to her valuable character in the following emphatic language:—

"Recently have we been called on to attend the bed of the dying Christian; and there have witnessed the patient resignation, the sure hope, the joyful expectation of the resurrection to eternal life; founded on the promise of the Redeemer, and supported by the recollection of a long life, entirely devoted to His service. Is it necessary to mention that I allude to the decease of the late lamented and respected Miss Cambridge? And though I am fully sensible, how ably, and yet, how faithfully, her religious character was this day delineated and submitted to your notice, and in every expression and sentiment of which, I entirely concur; yet, I cannot deny myself the mournful pleasure of adding my humble, but sincere tribute of respect, to departed worth.

"Yes, my friends, I look back with pleasure and thankfulness on her friendship: it was a blessing; for from the abundance of her heart, flowed a never-ceasing spring of edifying and precious instruction. O! how often have we occasion to check the wandering of our hearts, the intrusion of worldly thoughts, even at these moments, which are peculiarly set apart to the service of our Redeemer; and how constantly have we witnessed her bending and converting the common occurrences of life to that object, ever uppermost in her thoughts, the honor and glory of her divine master.

"Of her we may truly say, she loved and studied the Holy Scriptures, because she believed them a means of appointment, in which Christ promises to meet the soul; this was the great object at which she aimed in all her pursuits of what kind soever; her language was that of Moses, 'If thou wilt go with me, I will go, but if thou wilt not go with me, I will not go.'

"To many of you, her worth was individually and directly known; to many she served in the hands of her blessed Redeemer, as a beacon light on a rock, to point out to the perishing soul, the specious, the treacherous shore of sin, leading them blindfolded to the yawning pit of destruction.

"To her friends a great chasm has been made; but they must truly feel that in her case, death has been disarmed of its sting: and whilst they sorrow as Christians, let this serve to them as an additional incitement, to pursue her path, and tread in her steps; for her path was that of righteousness, and her steps those of pleasantness and peace. May we all die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like hers!"

A respectable tomb-stone has been placed over the grave of Miss Cambridge, in the church-yard of Nenagh, on which is the following inscription:—

> "Beneath this Stone, lie the Remains of ALICE CAMBRIDGE, who died at Nenagh, on the 1st day of January, 1829, aged 67 years; the greatest part of which time, had been usefully spent both

in public and private, by pointing out to sinners the Saviour of mankind—and at the closing scene she was enabled to apply to herself those words of St. Paul, 'O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" 1 Corinthians xv. 55, 56, 57.

We cannot close our Memoir of this excellent and highly gifted woman, without reverting to some of the more prominent traits in her character, and fixing the attention of the pious and observant reader, on the extraordinary manner in which the Great Head of the Church brought her into, and conducted her through so extensive a field of usefulness. As the humble sphere of life in which she was born denied her the adventitious aid of a finished education, the only talents with which her Maker at first entrusted her, were a solid understanding and an affectionate heart. These talents, however, were wholly devoted to earthly pursuits, till the death of a mother, on whom she doated, and who appears to have been every way worthy of her dutiful attachment, led her at an early age to seek consolation at the fountain-head of bliss—and through the study of her Bible and Christian fellowship, she was led to the foot of the cross, where she was enriched with the "peace of God which passeth all understanding;" and this precious gift during the whole of her subsequent life, kept her in the knowledge and love of God, her Saviour. Henceforth she acknowledged God in all her ways: she realized the divine presence every moment, and in all her affairs endeavoured to observe the directing hand of Omnipotence. Such contemplations must always fill the soul sincerely devoted to the Redeemer's service, with a daily increase of love and gratitude to that Divine Being, whose mercies are new every morning; and to whose tender care we are indebted for every blessing of grace and of providence.

Having been thus made a partaker of the divine nature, she became ardently desirous that all her friends and neighbours should also become participators of the same heavenly gift. Her language at all suitable occasions was,

> The mercy I feel, to others I show;
> I set to my seal that Jesus is true;
> Ye all may find favour, who come at his call;
> O come to my Saviour! His grace is for all.

This anxious wish for the salvation of souls, led her to establish prayer-meetings in her native town, where her zealous exertions were crowned with such abundant success, that at the solicitation of some pious friends, she was led to extend her labours to the adjoining towns of the county of Cork; and ultimately, by a singular train of providential circumstances, to almost every county of the kingdom, where her occasional visits were hailed by persons of every rank, and almost every religious denomination, both clergy and laity, and many were the seals of her ministry in every place. But as she formed no separate party, she numbered them not—yet they served to spread the leaven of vital godliness through the different denominations with which they were connected in Christian fellowship; and she was contented that "her witness was in heaven, and her record on high."

During nearly half a century, Miss Cambridge was enabled, through divine grace, to pursue her useful course—and it will, we conceive, be admitted, that it required no ordinary degree of talent for public speaking, and circumspection of life, to maintain her popularity for so long a period. With respect to the former, it may be said, that the singular situation which she filled as an itinerant female teacher, was calculated to draw public attention—but the excitement continued in most places long after the novelty had worn off; the minds even of those who were at first led by curiosity to hear, being often deeply impressed by the solemn truths which they heard faithfully and affectionately propounded to their understandings and their hearts. Miss Cambridge possessed some of the most essential requisites for public speaking. Her accent was agreeable—her enunciation clear and distinct—her manner serious, and equally free from affectation or dogmatism. Her expositions of Scripture evinced that she had deeply studied the Sacred Volume; and her denunciations against sin were powerfully calculated to alarm the consciences of the careless, while she exhibited the promises of the Gospel with a force and pathos that seldom failed to inspire the heart of the afflicted penitent, with heavenly hope and consolation. Nor did she neglect carefully to water the good seed thus sown in the hearts of her hearers. Where she possessed the facility of access to them she directed their steps and watched over their infant progress in the divine life; and with many of them, when removed to a distance, she maintained a correspondence which proved highly profitable to them in after life. A section of one of her public discourses will be given at the end of this Memoir; together with her favourite "Garden Hymn," with which she frequently closed her meetings.

In the more private walks of life, Miss Cambridge not only endeavoured to maintain a character " void of offence towards God and man," but to be generally useful as far as her own ability and influence extended. Hence, in every place of her occasional residence, she ardently co-operated in any plan which had for its object the spiritual or temporal benefit of her fellow creatures, and cheerfully contributed to its support from her very scanty means. A donation to the new preaching-house in Mallow was accompanied by the following note, addressed to her friend Mr. Haines:—" With my mite, you have my sincere wish and ardent prayer, that the God in whose name it has been erected, may put his own name in it, and acknowledge it for His, by blessing the word of his grace that may hereafter be preached there, in such wise, as to make it the power of God unto salvation, to all who shall attend it. O that the name of Jesus, under its roof, both in preaching and hearing, may be greatly exalted; and may the little Society engaged particularly for its interest, be men and women of deep piety, walking with God in all the ardour and spirit of primitive Methodism —that is, of primitive Christianity."

In her outward appearance, Miss Cambridge was always neat and plain, her dress nearly resembling that of the Society of Friends. In social converse, she assumed none of that superiority to which her talents or usefulness might appear to have entitled her, but was ever willing to sit at the feet of all, from whom she might obtain any increase of knowledge or piety. Her conversation was marked by a cheerful gravity, and she was a strict observer of the apostolic precept, "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man." Col. iv. 6. The grateful acknowledgment of the Divine goodness was her favorite theme, and her frequent language to all with whom she had intercourse was, " O taste and see that the Lord is gracious !" She abhorred that bane of social life, speaking evil of absent characters, and she might be eminently styled, a peace maker; for to be able to reconcile contending parties, was to her a source of the purest delight. She loved Zion, and the prosperity of the cause of God, among Christians of every denomination, always elicited her highest joy and gratitude.

As Miss Cambridge kept no regular diary, we cannot speak particularly with regard to her more private devotional feelings and exercises; but that these were the sources of her public conduct, is sufficiently evinced in the spirit which breathes through her correspondence. On the whole, we trust, that the contemplation of such a character, may, through the agency of the Blessed Spirit, prove a means of stimulating many to follow her example; not, indeed in that extraordinary path, into which she was providentially led, but as a sincere and devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a highly valuable member of Society.

SECTION OF ONE OF MISS CAMBRIDGE'S PUBLIC DISCOURSES.

"In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."—DANIEL v. 30.

When we hear of kingdoms being established or destroyed, we are apt to attribute their establishment or destruction to the wisdom or foresight, or courage of the person, who acted the principal part in the work, without ever thinking of God, who directeth and governeth all things, according to the counsel of His own will. He, it is, that "putteth down one and setteth up another."

In no case, perhaps, does Divine agency appear more conspicuous than in the establishment and destruction of the Babylonian, or Chaldean monarchy. It seems to have been raised up by God to be an instrument to punish the wickedness and idolatry of his own people, the Jews; and when this purpose was effected, to have been destroyed, on account of its own wickedness and cruelty. Its destruction is very remarkable, from the circumstances which attended it. These having been minutely foretold, many years before by a prophet of the Lord, clearly proved it to have been His work. Jeremiah predicted, that the princes, and wise men, and captains, and rulers, and mighty men of Babylon, should in their security give themselves up to feasting and drinking; and while they should be off their guard, in a state of intoxication, they should suddenly be destroyed by the army of the Medes and Persians; and so it happened. Belshazzar, the king, gave an entertainment to his lords, at which they all indulged in feasting and drunkenness,—and while they were thus engaged, Cyrus made a successful attack and entered the city; "and in that night was Belshazzar slain, and his kingdom divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." It may be profitable for us to consider the time of Belshazzar's death, and the instruction to be gathered from it.

It was in the first place, the night of Belshazzar's feasting; he made a great and magnificent entertainment, and invited no less than a thousand of his lords and chief men of his kingdom to participate in it. When we speak of this feast, we do not mean to condemn all entertainments as inconsistent with Scripture, or the religion of Christ : for, our blessed Lord Himself condescended to be present at entertainments, and thus, by His conduct, gave a sanction to them, when innocently and temperately enjoyed. But all feasts are not thus temperately carried on ; it is not at all uncommon to see or hear of persons abusing the liberty, which our Master has given us, and indulging in the greatest intemperance, both in eating and drinking ; and thus, converting what otherwise might have been inoffensive entertainments into that kind of immoderate banquettings and thoughtless revellings, and such like, which St. Paul tells us, are amongst those works of the flesh, which they who do them shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Of this description was the feast of Belshazzar ; he thought of nothing but enjoying carnal pleasure, and of seeking gratification from the things of time and sense ; he indulged in drinking to excess ; he banished all thoughts of death and futurity from his mind, and gave himself up entirely to senseless rioting and mirth : and "in that night he was slain."

What an awful thing to be summoned from such a scene into the presence of God, who will judge the world in righteousness, and repay every man, according to his deeds; "fury to His adversaries, and recompense to His enemies." How many are there, who, though not slain as Belshazzar was, by the hand of man, are yet struck by the unerring and mortal dart of death, as unexpectedly, while engaged in the pleasures or the business of the world, with their whole soul so occupied by them as not to have room for a single serious thought of God, or of eternity; and thus, they are carried before the judgment-seat of Christ, as unprepared as Belshazzar. It was so at the time of the deluge: "they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage;" thinking of any thing but futurity, when "the flood came and swept them all away." It will be so at the end of the world; and, lamentable to say, it is so now every day and every hour. Multitudes who call themselves followers of the self-denying and crucified Jesus, are so occupied in the cares or pleasures of the world, as seldom or never to think of the one thing needful; and in this state are seized by death, and carried before their Judge. O! yes, it is too true, that the foolish virgins greatly outnumber those who are wise; thousands are slumbering and sleeping, and putting off all preparation for eternity until it is too late; and have their oil to seek when the arrival of the bridegroom is announced. They are saying peace, peace, till sudden destruction cometh upon them, as a thief in the night. The Lord grant, that we may not act thus foolishly; may He give us grace, that we may obey the gracious invitations of the Saviour; and so follow Him, and live by faith upon Him now, that when death cometh to call us away, it may find us, with our loins girt, and our lamps trimmed, ready to enter into the marriage supper of the Lord.

THE GARDEN HYMN.

The Lord's into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing streams of grace divine,
From Jesus flow, the living vine,
Which make the dead revive.

O, that this dry and barren ground,
With springs of water may abound,
And fruitful soil become!
The desert blooms, the Lord is come,
To make His people join in one,
And party zeal, be gone!

That glorious day is rolling on;
That gracious work is now begun;
My soul a witness is;
I taste and know that grace is free;
And all mankind may join with me,
And feel the heavenly bliss.

The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner Legion went—
The Lord did him relieve.

If sinners only knew the Lord,
Or would but taste His gracious word,
And sweet forgiving love;
They'd rush through storms of every kind,
And leave all earthly cares behind,
To gain a crown above.

We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the eternal throne,
Where Jesus reigns on high:
It comes in floods we can't contain;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

But when to that bright world we come,
And all surround the glorious throne,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead His ransom'd forth
To living streams of richest worth,
Which never will run dry.

Amen! Amen! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet Him in the skies,
With all whose toils are o'er;
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in the heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

SELECTIONS

FROM MISS CAMBRIDGE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

TO MISS ———, RATHANGAN.

(Encouragement in Affliction.)

Dublin, September 1*st*, 1806.

Retired from the noise and bustle of the day, and now surrounded with the silence of the midnight hour, I sit down to converse a little with my friend on paper. And why was my Mary's mind unsettled; what was the cause—or why should any state of mind prevent her writing to A. C.? Did you not wish me to be your companion through all the rough as well as the smooth paths of this uncertain world? If I am your friend, then my beloved, let me share your joys and sorrows; suffer me to weep when you weep, and to rejoice when you rejoice. Your silence gave me some uneasiness; but in small matters as well as great, we are called to fight, and our privilege is, by grace, to be more than conquerors.

Yes, my friend, time flies very rapidly indeed, "and like an ever rolling stream, bears all its sons away." Three weeks are nearly expired since we parted, and numbers in that period have disappeared off the stage of mortality; they are now inhabitants of another world, and doomed to spend an eternity in pleasure or in pain. Multitudes at this moment also are taking a final leave of sublunary enjoyments, and bidding mortal scenes an eternal farewell.

What objects are here worthy of drawing our attention or affections from God for a moment? —I dont know one. He alone is worthy of our attention, our affections, and our hearts. O! may we love him with pure hearts fervently, and be enabled to say with the poet,

Away then all ye objects which divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

No, my dear Mary, the empty enjoyments of time and sense can never satisfy an immortal spirit; the soul is of too noble an extraction to be satisfied with anything short of Him that formed it. God alone is a satisfying portion.

While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with us there.

I am rejoiced, that infinite goodness gives you to see how short-lived, and how insipid all worldly pleasures are. He has called you to nobler enjoyments; your privilege is to be holy in heart, in life, and in all manner of conversation; to be one with Christ as he is one with the Father, and daily to rejoice in hope of the glory that shall be revealed. May you live in the spirit and exercise of prayer; improve what heaven has already imparted, for to him or her that hath shall be given.

I do not wonder, my dear, that you should feel on account of your present trial: grace never robs us of our feelings, it gives them rather a keener edge; but it enables the possessors to bow with resignation to the will of their heavenly Father. O! the methods—the ways the Almighty uses; the pains he takes to gain our rebellious hearts. At an early period of life he took from me a beloved mother: it was a severe stroke; my affections were wound round her, and when taken from me I thought my all of happiness was gone; but my dear Lord long since taught me another lesson, and made my affliction the very means of bringing me to seek happiness and salvation in Him alone, and in Him most assuredly I found what I never could have enjoyed in the creature or created good. Therefore, although I may say of my dear mother as Young did of Narcissa,—"I loved her much, but now I love her more;" yet I bless the hand that tore from my young heart the idol, and led me to seek in Him sublimer joys. Hitherto he hath helped me: well may I adopt the poet's language, and thankfully say—

> Oh the infinite cares, and temptations, and snares,
> Which his hand hath conducted me through—
> The blessings bestowed by a bountiful God,
> And his mercies eternally new.

A. C.

LETTER II.

TO MR. ADAM LOFTUS LYNN, CHILCOMB,
NEW-ROSS.

(On the death of his Daughter.)

Dublin, February 2, 1807.

I received your kind favour of the 21st instant, in due time. And did, or does my Susanna love me much? Blessed be God—indeed, I count it a blessing and a privilege to be loved by such a favourite of my dear Lord and Master; and I thank and praise Him, that he has made me capable of loving his dear little child in return. Go where I will, she seems to be present with me, although, I think, in this world I have bid her a last adieu; but glory be to God, I feel a comfortable hope that I shall shortly meet her again in His blissful presence, where I shall never bid her farewell—but enjoy her loved society for ever. It strikes me powerfully, that she rests to-night in the bosom of her God. I am just ready to say with the poet—

"Our sister the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
Her rest she hath sooner obtain'd,
And left her companions behind."

Yesterday morning, while at the throne of grace, I felt my mind in a kind of sunshine concerning her—the Bible lay before me, and I begged of the Lord, that I might open on some passage applicable to her, when I opened on the 45th Psalm, from the 10th to the 15th verse—"Hearken, O daughter, and consider and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house." I cannot tell you what I felt; surely, I was ready to conclude, that she had taken leave of her friends and her father's house; yet, I might be mistaken—I will hope she still survives.

Thursday Night, 5th.—I began this letter with a heart big with sorrow. I thought my dear, dear Susanna was gone; but being in a kind of suspense, I had not courage to finish it. Now, I may proceed. Her dear father's letter to Mr. Kerr assures me that my beloved sister, my precious friend, has finished her course, and triumphantly entered into the joy of her Lord. Happy saint—glorious disembodied spirit! Methinks I see thee to-night, amidst the glittering millions, who are joyfully praising the Prince of David's line. O, Sir, I feel for you and my dear Ellen. God bless and support you both; and sanctify this afflictive dispensation of His providence to your eternal good, and His eternal praise. You, Sir, were blest and honoured in a child—my Ellen in a sister: remember that she is taken from you for a season only. O! may we all follow her as she followed Christ:

"With songs may we follow her flight,
And mount with her spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of Love."

Glory be to God! you do not mourn for her like a person without hope.—You know she is lodged safe in the bosom of her God—she was saved by grace, and now she sings the wonders of redeeming love. I can say no more, only pray that God's grace may be sufficient for you—that your strength and the strength of the dear child you have left, may be proportioned to your day—and that all things may work together for your good.

A. C.

LETTER III.

TO MRS. EMERSON, BELFAST.

(Christian Encouragement.)

Dublin, ——, 1808.

You wish, my beloved, that you could partake of the blessings I enjoy. The fountain from which I received them stands open in the house of David—Christ is a fountain that will never run dry—always flowing, and yet overflowing—ever giving, and yet ever full. O, what an inexhaustible source of comfort and delight is treasured up in our great High Priest! And how condescendingly he invites us to approach the mercy seat, to come in even to His presence, and make our wants known to Him by prayer and supplication. We have nothing to bring to gain his favour—but He delights to bless the humble and the contrite for His own merit's sake.

Endeavour to keep up your converse with Heaven. You cannot expect too much from Him, who, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man. "Prayer ardent opens heaven," says Young: I believe it, and I am conscious that all the promises are sure to persevering prayer; only we must take care not to do any thing by way of meriting the Divine favour—but expect our every mercy for the Saviour's sake. Keep looking, then, to Him, and I doubt not, but you will be enabled to adopt the language of the poet ere long, and say,

"His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence dispels every gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish, or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year."

Although the people about you are not inclined to godliness, as you would wish, let not this discourage you; but be thankful that He has awakened you to a sense of your danger, and taught you in anywise to flee for refuge to the hope set before you. O! that you may continue faithful unto death.

To teach the blind to see is a delightful task. Your labours of love bestowed, and bestowing on the rising generation will not be in vain, I trust. Heaven will bless your endeavours abundantly, and return your love into your own bosom a thousand fold. And may He, while you are endeavouring to teach the poor little children who attend the Sunday-school, to read His word, diffuse His grace into their hearts, so that they may remember their Creator in the days of their youth. A. C.

LETTER IV.

TO MISS F———, DROGHEDA.

(When suffering under a severe domestic trial.)

Dublin, Nov. 1807.

I received my beloved sister's kind favour in due time—but thought best not to answer it for a few days, as I wrote to your father on receipt of your's. Let me know, as soon as you can, what was the result of my poor epistle. He has threatened to turn you out of doors, and never more receive you. If, for serving the Almighty he is permitted to do this, you have nothing to fear, only rely upon His promise, who has said, when father and mother forsake you, then the Lord will take you up. Your father wants you to do all you used to do; to play cards and go to balls—poor dear man, how much mistaken; I suppose he forgets that

"If, as the world we live,
We, as the world shall die;
Justly this recompense receive,
From God, the judge on high!"

No, my dear, I trust, you will never join in league with the sinful world again. I humbly hope, you have bidden its vanities and vain delights a final, an eternal farewell. I need not say, beware of giving any offence, except it be for attending to the commands of your Saviour. Show all obedience and affection to your father, for this is right; but the card-table, the play, the ball, and all such ignoble and unsatisfying, sordid, short-lived delights, avoid. Ever fly from them with abhorrence—they will not give their votaries pleasure on a death-bed, or on the day of judgment. I trust, my love, you will valiantly confess your Saviour before men, and that you may be confessed of Him, when he comes on His luminous cloud. As to being despised by the world, it is of little consequence—the Christian soars far above its laugh or frown. Moses, when influenced by Divine grace, could despise even the honours and favours of a court; and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. Be determined, that, if your father ever turns you out of doors, it shall be only for your duty to God; beware of giving him any other cause of offence, and then you may depend upon it, the Lord will provide: for He is faithful to His promise, and will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.

A. C.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

(On her Deliverance.)

Dublin, September 14, 1807.

I am rejoiced to hear, my beloved, that the scene is changed with respect to your father; and that your way is made more easy and pleasant to you. You see it is well to trust the Almighty—much depends upon your walking close with God. Remember you are still in an enemy's country. You have a threefold foe to contend with; a formidable host of subtle fiends to oppose you: but, while you keep close to your Shepherd's side, you may laugh to scorn their cruel power: the presence of an omnipotent Deity will be about you as a wall of fire and of brass; the Captain of your salvation will assist you in your warmest conflicts with your wily foes. Yea, and if you keep looking to Him, He will at all times, and in all things, make you more than conqueror, through Himself, that loves you. You do well not to give up class-meeting; although, you cannot hear, God has promised to be in the midst of two or three, when met in His name. And, if present, it surely is to bless; and, if blessing others, then, surely, He will bless you, even you, also, O! my sister.

Religion, though veiled with humility, appears in majesty: "it is steadfast, immovable, ever abounding in the work of the Lord." Let all the eyes that are now upon you, perceive that you have learned to redeem the time, because you know the days are evil.

Present my love to Mrs. W——, and Miss G——; tell them I am thankful to Heaven, on their account, and hope, they will continue valiant for the truth; nobly resolving, with that meek man of old, Moses, to suffer affliction, with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; counting the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures in Egypt. I trust, you will all be found as a threefold cord in Christ, that will never be broken.

You will, I trust, continue to show your dear father all that respect, tenderness, and obedience, which the Scriptures of truth hold out to you. Obey him strictly in the Lord, and let his salvation be near your heart—bring him always to the throne of grace with you—offer him fervently up to the Almighty in the arms of prayer—perhaps, he may yet heartily join you at the footstool of mercy.

A. C.

LETTER VI.

TO MISS GOOLD, DROGHEDA.

(On the Happiness of the Christian.)

Dublin, ——, 1807.

I sincerely thank my dear friend and sister for the very welcome and affectionate lines which now lie before me; and rejoice in the prospect of meeting the author of them in the realms of bliss. Oh! my beloved, how the prospect of such amazing bliss should animate our souls, and stir us up to run, with patience, the race set before us. Surely, it is of little consequence, if the world hate us—it hated first that adorable Saviour, whom we have the honour of serving. May He make us as willing to suffer, as to reign with Him. May we steadily and cheerfully follow Him through evil, as well as through good report. You have cause to praise

Him, my sister, and so have I for taking us by the hand, as the angel did Lot out of Sodom, and causing us to come to Himself for safety—our city of refuge—our present and eternal Zoar. May we abide in Him, as the branch abides in the vine!

I am not weary of the way, though sometimes it has been made to me rough and thorny. I have proved that the way to heaven lies through much tribulation; yet, it has been a pleasant way to me—indeed, it is very pleasant still; and it looks pleasanter as I view it, because it is the way my leader trod. I view His footsteps with transport, and ardently wish to follow Him more closely and whithersoever He goes. O! that we may prove our discipleship by daily taking up our cross and denying ourselves. What is become of my beloved H.?—is she so soon wearied with my correspondence? Alas! alas! the bewitchments of this world doomed to fire—the allurements it holds out to catch and ensnare, and turn aside from the way of holiness, unwary souls. Will you present my affectionate love to H——, and tell her, if I must proceed in the narrow way without her, that I leave her among the unthinking crowd with great reluctance. I would take her from them, (that is, from what they call happiness,) if I could; I would bring her to Calvary—I would point her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world—and I would bring her to wash her robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb.

I am glad to hear such good news concerning my dear Miss F——. She began at the right end, and God will keep her steadfast, I trust. She has sometimes put me in mind of John Bunyan's Pilgrim, when he put his fingers in his ears, and ran from the city of Destruction, and paid no attention to any of those who cried after him to stop. You are, my dear sister, I trust, daily pressing after greater heights and depths of holiness—it is that alone makes meet for heaven. Christ is an overflowing fountain of mercy, and He it is that bids you ask and receive, that your joy may be full.

I feel nearness and access to Him to-day; the world is shut out, and I enjoy very much, my often wished-for solitude. Surely, the poet was right, when he said,

> "The calm retreat, the silent shade,
> With pray'r and praise agree;
> And were by thy great bounty made,
> For those who follow thee."

A. C.

LETTER VII.

TO MISS F——, DROGHEDA.

(Christian Encouragement.)

Dublin, ——, 1807.

I was rejoiced to hear of the kind reception you met with from your father. You see, my love, the hearts of all are in the hands of God; it is well for us, and surely it is our duty to leave to his sovereign sway to choose and to command. I trust your father continues to be kind, and that you continue with unabating diligence to run the race which God hath set before you: be thankful to Him, who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light, nor cease to speak well of His name—seeing He hath shown you such great kindness. Although your dear father be not reconciled to your being a Methodist now, yet we don't know what a steady perseverance in his child may do—example speaks with more force than even precept. A calm is indeed dangerous, and often proves fatal; but keep looking to your heavenly pilot and you will be safe; for with Him in the vessel you may smile at calm or storm: those that trust in Him shall never be confounded. Keep watching unto prayer. "Prayer ardent opens heaven." Yea, all the promises are sure to persevering prayer; but keep watching thereunto with all perseverance. O that you may shine a light in this benighted land! God Almighty make you a pattern of piety, humility, and holiness; and may it through all your life appear that you have put on Christ. You complain of your weakness and ignorance—blessed be God you feel it is so. My dear sister, you have an open, inexhaustible fountain of strength, of wisdom, and of love to go to. "In Christ all fulness dwells, and all for wretched man." He is a satisfying portion. He will supply out of the immensity of his fulness, for He delights to do the needy good. Be conversant with His word—there He has made known His will, and He commands us to "search the Scriptures." Do not attend to what the unthinking world says against the king supreme or His loyal subjects; they called the master of the house Beelzebub, what will they not say of His servants? Attend to the voice of Him who says, "Escape for thy life. Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Remember, "the fashion of this world passeth away," and that "it is appointed unto men once to die." Endeavour to walk with God. Remember me at the throne of grace, and believe me ever affectionately your friend in the Gospel.

A. C.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

(Christian Encouragement.)

Dublin,——, ——.

What a powerful attraction is the love of God; how it cements the souls of his people wherever or however their bodies may be severed. Nothing but sin can break that union which binds them firmly one to another, and all to their living head. O that sin might never be able to dissolve the delightful union which I feel this day with my beloved Sister F——, and with many others in Drogheda! I sincerely praise God for you, or on your behalf, and I trust I shall praise Him for you and with you to all eternity. Hold on, my sister, continue to pursue the pleasant, though narrow (and sometimes thorny) way—it leads to life, to liberty, and endless delight. You have nothing to fear from the world if you cleave to Christ, for He has overcome the world; nor will you fear the powers of darkness, while you continue to hold the shield of faith in your hand, for by wielding that aright, you will be able to quench the fiery darts of the adversary. The laugh or frown of the world is of little consequence—the fashion of it soon passeth away—the insignificant amusements it holds out to allure and divert the unthinking crowd, are too low for a soul aspiring to heaven and to heavenly things. Nobler delights possess the heaven-born mind than earth has to bestow—

"They build too low who build beneath the skies."

Look well to the improvement of your time; it is of great importance, however infinite wisdom seems to direct you—keep your eye fixed upon Him, and He will lead and guide you into truth; get all the holiness you can—the holier the happier; remember the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin—be looking for present blessings when you approach the mercy-seat—frequent and urgent application there will not be lost—the praying soul shall prosper, and the diligent hand shall be made rich: but take care to offer up all your sacrifices upon Christ, the altar who sanctifies the gift; then ask in faith, nothing doubting. You have proved his willingness to hear and bless you already—He is still the same—giving will not impoverish Him. May you enjoy the fulness of His love, and be adorned with all the bright train of Christian graces, the fruits of the Spirit, which are, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, &c.

A. C.

LETTER IX.

TO MRS. DAVIS, DROGHEDA.

(On the Necessity of being decidedly religious.)

Dublin, ——, 1807.

I accept with thankfulness your kind congratulation on my late restoration, to all appearance, from the very jaws of death. I am sure your whole soul sincerely wished it. But why, my beloved, did you wish me back again to this world of shadows?—it has no solid comforts or delights to offer, even to its votaries; then surely it has none for me. I behold its greatest honors, pleasures, and what else, all that it calls great and good, to be only as breaking bubbles on the parting wave, vanity indeed, and vexation of spirit. But you wished me a longer stay on earth, because you thought I might be of some little use on the stage of mortality: I am certain of your motive, and trust I shall live only for His glory, who brought me down as to the gates of the grave, and has mercifully raised me up again. I can see nothing else worth living for—O that I may only glory in the cross of my adorable Redeemer, and ever count the reproach thereof, greater riches than all the treasures of this vain world! I don't hesitate for a moment to join with Moses in choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. I know that wisdom's ways are pleasantness, and all her flowery paths are peace. If you will take Christ with His cross, you shall enjoy Him with His crown—if you do not come in His own way, he will not accept of you. You remember the Covenant Night with pleasure, you never will forget it—ah, my love, look and see if you have kept the covenant you made. You value my good opinion; it is of little worth, but will you bear to know what it is concerning you. I believe you have a love for the people, and the cause of God. I think you would forward the interest of Zion, and wish it success; but I think, my beloved sister, you must be born again: seek at the throne of Grace, and in the word of God, to know what this meaneth—ever expect from A. C. to hear the voice of solid friendship, if you mean to honor her with a place in your affections; for her's, I trust, will ever be 'an honest love, and not afraid to frown.' Do not expect then, my friend, that it will meet the approbation of God, one time to unite and assemble with His followers, and another to join hands with the giddy throng, and eagerly run to the amusements of the play or the ball. You must take leave of one or the other. Weigh the subject in the balances of the sanctuary, and then make the choice: to decide for the latter, would be to rend the heart of her who tenderly and gratefully loves your soul; to decide for the former, would be to give her joy, and cause all heaven to rejoice.

Miss M'C—— informs me you are going to see your sister, who is married to a gentleman in the army; it is right you should, nay, it is your duty: but, my love, as you will meet with various temptations to silly amusements, take the presence of God with you, and let that motto be impressed upon your mind, "Thou God seest me."—Perhaps it might be at the judgment seat you will meet your dear sister next; don't let her have to upbraid you for not letting her see and know the love and respect you had for religion, when you met together. I pray you, my love, to confess Christ at all times; be not ashamed to do it.

A. C.

LETTER X.

TO MISS JANE MILLER, CORK.

(A Caution against the Temptations of the World.)

Dublin, August, 1809.

I am sorry to hear that my dear Miss Miller is sent into a barren soil, and amongst a gay and unthankful people; but it is of little consequence, if you are resolved to live for God, and to commit the keeping of your soul to Him in well doing.

Be much in prayer, that you may be vested with strength and power from on high, to overcome the various temptations that will be thrown in your way. Remember it is only to Him that overcometh, that Christ has promised to give to sit down with Him on His throne. Beginning will not do, but be "ye faithful unto death," saith the Saviour, "and I will give you a crown of life." I do not write this as being afraid of you; but I wish as a friend, who loves your soul, to warn you, for I well know

You'll meet with many on the way
Who'll strive to turn you back;
Ah yes, they'll tempt you night and day,
Your Saviour to forsake.

If you confess Him before men, He will confess you before His Father and the holy angels: let no one persuade you to do any thing inconsistent with His word, or contrary to the dictates of His Holy Spirit; for death and judgment are approaching. You are now young, and health mantles in your cheek; yet you are hastening to die, for that is appointed to all; and remember what were the reflections you thought you had in your dream, when you imagined you were drawing near the hour of your dissolution—O! through grace decide for God, and be resolved to seek Him while He is near—pray for faith, and that you may know more of yourself—Lord save you from the world; may He hide you from its sins and snares in the secret of His pavilion! Do not quench or grieve His Spirit; attend to the whispers of His voice in your soul, and pray for grace to follow Him through evil and good report, through honor and dishonor.

At your peril, don't go to India; what will it profit a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Ah, of what little avail to shine for a short period on the pinnacle of grandeur, and then drop into the grave; and if Christ be not in the heart, like the man clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, drop into hell. We are not called to throw away good if offered to us in a way that will not prevent us hearing the word of God, or seeking the salvation of our souls; but if any thing stands in competition with these, it cannot be called good; it is an evil, whatever specious appearance it may have, and therefore should be avoided. Now, my love, consider; lay it to heart, what is the motive that would send or take you there: is it for the advantage of your nobler part—or is it to shine in the short lived baubles of the east for a season, forgetting God in abundant luxury, and then to drop into eternity, and die for ever, the death that never dies?

A. C.

LETTER XI.

TO MRS. C. HAINES, MALLOW.

(On the Death of an Infant.)

Cork, February 12, 1813.

I heard long since of your affliction; I sympathized with you, and intended to write, but ill health, and many other hindrances came in the way to prevent me, and now at last I take up my pen: may profitable matter be indited by the Spirit of Him, who is our best and surest friend, our present help in every time of trouble. I hope, my dear, you have been enabled to bow in sweet submission and say, Father, not my will, but thine be done. You know our Saviour does all things well; He has only transplanted into a happier soil, your sweet little plant or promising flower: He has only housed her early from the rough storms of life's tempestuous sea, that the little voyager may praise him, free from sorrow and care in the peaceful abodes of the redeemed for ever. O happy little sojourner, who, ere she knew the painful, wearisome travels of the wilderness, has entered Canaan, and rests for ever in the promised land. Now she sees her deliverer face to face; she beholds Jesus with transport and delight. Here, in the vale of sorrow, her little heart was not capable of conceiving or knowing Him; nor her infant tongue of praising him; but now, in the glorious realms of immortality, she is made fully capable of for ever joining with adoring millions, "to praise the Prince of David's line." Ah, my sister, look forward and live to God; you will soon meet your little darling again. Almighty love, who entrusted you with the loan for a season, and took it back at pleasure, will, if you be faithful, bring you at last to see and enjoy Him for ever—press after holiness, then my friend, forget the things that are behind, (both pleasing and painful,) and reach forward to the things that are before, even all the heights and depths of perfect love. Mind not the perils of the wilderness, while heaven says, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." God will be a sun and shield unto you, He will give grace and glory. O trust in Him for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!

I have much cause to praise Him, for He has often made His arm bare in my behalf; He has borne with my weakness and wanderings in the desert; He has taken great pains to wean me from the creature, and created good, and has taken great care of me, even to the present moment—O that I may praise Him while I have breath: indeed my soul longs to be like Him, to grow up into His likeness or image, more and more each hour. May He sanctify and set me entirely apart for His service and glory! My way sometimes has been rough and stormy, but the poet says,

> "The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past,
> The tempests that rise
> Will gloriously hurry our souls to the skies."

My adorable Master sees it is the best and safest way for me; may I ever lie at his feet, and leave to His sovereign sway, to choose and to command.

A. C.

LETTER XII.

TO MR. AND MRS. ———, TYRREL'S PASS.

(On the Death of a Female Child.)

Dublin, December 17, 1814.

I have heard of your sorrow, and do sincerely sympathize with you. You have been deeply afflicted; but, I trust, you have been greatly supported. Your God and Father does all things well. I hope you have bowed in sweet submission, and said, Thy will be done! He saw, no doubt, a necessity for taking away your little Isaac; probably, He saw, though you might not, there was a danger of her drawing your hearts and affections from Him; (read Parnel's Hermit.) He lent her to you for a while; He now has taken back the loan, and sure he has a right. Look to Him, my precious friends, for grace to resign her cheerfully. She is not lost; she is only gone before; this soil was too coarse and barren for so tender a plant, so sweet and promising a flower. Heaven has transplanted her into a richer and more fertile one, where the air is quite salubrious and free from taint; and where she will grow and flourish in immortal bloom. She has early escaped the rough blasts of a very uncertain world; she shall never know the variations and tosses of life's rough seas. Dear little sojourner, she has gained the promised rest, without feeling the trials of the wilderness. Happy voyager! Her little bark has anchored at the delightful haven; she has entered the port, and rests with God for ever.

Ah! you often delighted to see her walk up and down the room, with her fond little maid singing, with almost infant tongue, the praises of her God.—But look up, my brother and sister—let the eye of your faith follow her to the regions of bliss, and see how matured she sits and sings in glory! She has got a harp—and, how skilfully she is taught to tune it to the praises of the Redeemer; she joins the heavenly orders in full chorus, while shouting, through the vast expanse of heaven, they "crown him Lord of all." And, will you weep while she rejoices—or will you fret and pine, while she, exulting sings? Turn to the right side of the picture, my friends, and view it. Then meditate a while; remember you are passing on to God; running down the stream of life as fast as the wheels of time can carry you; the stream is very narrow, that even now divides you from your little darling. A little while, and, if you are faithful, you will meet her again, and meet her to part no more. Ah! how much better to have her lodged safe before you in the bosom of God, than to leave her behind in this valley of tears. If she had lived, and grown up to maturity, what could you have done for her? Why, you, perhaps, might have united her to a man of (what the world calls) good property, and given her a very considerable fortune; but you could not give her a crown and a kingdom. No, no, and yet, Almighty love has done this; yea, he has given her one that shall never fade away. Riches might have proved a snare to her here: Divine goodness has taken her away from the evil to come. Look at it again and again, my friends, in this light—it will help, perhaps, to reconcile you to the divine dispensation. Endeavour, I pray you, to bow low in submission, and say, with the poet, "My Jesus has done all things well." He certainly is good and wise in all He does. Infinite justice cannot err; and infinite mercy cannot be cruel: He never uses the rod but when there is need for it; He delights not to grieve the children of men; and, "as a father pitieth his children, so does the Lord pity them that fear Him." Perhaps, he saw in you both too much languor in respect to spiritual concerns, and too much cleaving to the world on the other hand: in love He sometimes brings the pruning knife to cut away, or lop off that which might impede our progress in the heavenly way, or prevent our bringing forth fruit to His glory. Jesus tells us, "I am the true vine, and my father is the husbandman: every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." He must have the heart; He is a jealous God, and will not give His glory to another. O! that you may fully know the rod, and who has appointed it; and may He so sanctify your sorrow, that you may have cause to say it was good for us to be afflicted. I wish much to hear how your little boy is. I have prayed most earnestly to our gracious and good God, that it might please Him to spare you that one; and that He may sanctify and set him apart from his infancy to serve and glorify His name. I trust, he will, and that, as Hannah did with Samuel, so you will both offer him up to the Lord: but, if it should be His good pleasure even to take him also, look still to be resigned; nor murmur at His will. He knows at all times what is best for us.

A. C.

LETTER XIII.

TO MISS G——, MOSSTOWN.

(On the Necessity of growing in Grace.)

Dublin, December 21*st*, 1814.

When leaving Mosstown I had it in my mind to write to you very shortly after my departure from that part of the country. Nine months have now nearly, if not altogether elapsed since that period, and until this moment, I have failed to accomplish my design, or gratify my Anna's request. For this I really feel ashamed; nor have I ought to plead in vindication of such apparent neglect. Yet, this I must say, I did not, I do not cease to love you. I often thought of you, I sometimes talked of you; yet, I did not write. Will you forgive me?—and if you do, make haste to tell me so, as I expect to leave this next week for New-Ross. If God will, I expect to see the county Longford before next summer shall have closed. And now, my sister, will you give me leave to ask you, are you growing in grace? Are you fully decided for God? Are you striving at all times, and in every place and company to confess your Lord and Master? I ardently wish you to shine in the church militant, that you may also shine in the church triumphant. O! be much in prayer; without this our every grace must soon wither, droop, and die. "Prayer ardent opens heaven." Beg of God every day to let you know more and more of yourself, and to increase your faith, so that you may, in the fullest sense of the expression, know Him, whom to know is life eternal. Be conversant with the Scriptures, and pray that they may, through Divine grace, make you wise unto salvation. I wish, I long to have you every thing that God would have you to be—holy, humble, meek, gentle, teachable—a pattern of piety and good works. Let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel. Avoid levity at all times; it is like a cankerworm, eating the grace of God out of the heart. But do not think, my dear Anna, that I want you to be dull and stupid. Not at all. Divine goodness teaches us to be cheerful without lightness, and without sadness to be serious. There are many things in this vain world to draw the youthful mind from God. Watch and pray, that you fall not into this temptation. You have a disposition, an ardent desire to please; but, even this may prove a snare to you, if not kept under the guidance and direction of unerring wisdom. You have an unsuspecting mind, and this is to be admired in its place; yet, it is necessary for us to stand continually as sentinels on our watch-tower. True friends are not very numerous in this changeable uncertain world. 'They grow not,' as Young expresses it, 'thick on every bough.' Keep your heart, then, with all diligence, and ever beware of forming hasty friendships. Beware, also, of being too self-confident. This would be hurtful indeed. Seek advice of those who are wiser than yourself, especially, from mamma K., while you are with her. You may be sure of being safe, when you confide in her. May you, mutually, keep each other in the way to heaven. Farewell, my dearest Miss G. May boundless mercy guard and protect you on every side, and may you be kept by Divine power, through faith, unto full salvation.

A. C.

LETTER XIV.

TO MISS C——.

(Christmas.)

Dublin, December 26, 1814.

On Saturday, I ventured out as far as Mrs. S's. It was very cold, so I returned home from thence. I was very poorly that night, and was obliged to get up at two o'clock. The family went out at four, to early meeting; when I heard the door shut after them, I felt the tears start in my eyes, for that was a meeting I always highly prized, and at which I was generally blessed. However, I was not able yesterday morning, and therefore, trust, I bowed in submission to His will, who well knew what was best for me. Between four and five o'clock, I was led to a throne of grace; and, it was a memorable season—a time of refreshing, indeed, coming from the presence of the Lord. You, with many others, were intimately nigh; while, with sweet access to the sacred footstool of mercy, I was enabled to hold, or offer you up in the arms of prayer to Him, who loved us, and gave Himself for us. What thankfulness and gratitude we owe for a Saviour!

Well may angels sing, and redeemed mortals join in the chorus—" Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men!" Surely, it was good tidings of great joy; and the herald angel said, direct from the throne of God commissioned, " It shall be to all people."—Hallelujah, the time is coming—the Gospel news is spreading—idols are falling—the precious name of Jesus is echoing forth—every knee shall bow to it. The period, we trust, is not very far off when the people shall cast all their idols to the moles and to the bats; when the descendants of God's ancient and beloved people, the Jews, through whom salvation came, shall believe in their long rejected Messiah; when Jews and Gentiles universally—yea, when heaven and earth shall cry, Hosannah to the Son of God, and crown Him Lord of all. True, this appears to be a time of spiritual deadness and dispute; and division reigns in many places, and among many people; but God has His witnesses—His living sparks—His lively stones, and His peculiar ones scattered here and there. Knowledge is increasing—Gospel light is spreading—many are running to and fro—the seed, the Gospel seed is sowing, and there will be a plentiful harvest ere long—a great ingathering of souls to our eternal Shiloh—differences will be made up between His sincere ones—their breaches healed, and they shall be as the heart of one man, labouring in love for the hope and faith of the Gospel. True, there may be, and probably, will be a great sifting first among professors—the outer court worshippers, those who have a name to live, and are dead—possibly some of the ancient men before the door, the elders and the rulers of the people will get a shaking, and be made to tremble, if not utterly cut off. O! that you and I may get far in and keep close in the inner court of the sanctuary. I have run on a great way, and would think I was going to prophesy. Well, indeed, I did not mean any such thing. I have written the present feelings of my mind, and hope and trust, God will speedily revive His work; for my soul sincerely loves Zion, and most heartily, I wish her prosperity.

A. C.

LETTER XV.

TO MISS V——, ——.

(Aversion to Controversy.)

Limerick, June 15, 1815.

I received your note, and was glad as ever to hear from you. But, why are you still touching on points which may lead us both into the field of controversy, and leave us combating there until our love for each other be changed into prejudice and disunion? My subject, when I met you first, (so as to converse freely,) was redeeming love. Whenever we met since and talked on the subject, our souls got animated; Heaven seemed to approve, and we parted refreshed with the dews of His grace. "Redeeming love is still my theme, and shall be till I die." When we met in Dublin, I think, I told you candidly, how I was brought to hear the word preached—how convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit, under the ministry of a Methodist preacher; yea, under the very text, without hearing any more of the sermon—how I went home to pray—how my Lord heard me in an accepted time, and brought me into the glorious liberty of His sons and daughters. Surely, I told my beloved friend, for well I knew, that "it was grace that turned my wandering feet to tread the heavenly road." What, then, would you have me say? Can I not believe that the blessed Jesus died for me—that he lives in me—that by grace I am saved, without believing and declaring, that God determined to pass by the far greater part of mankind, knowing that they would sin, leaving them in its ruins, without affording them any help or hope to escape the damnation of hell?

I want to grow in faith and love; I want simply, humbly, and obediently to lean upon Him, who is my foundation and my hope; and as I received Christ Jesus, my Lord, so to walk in Him. I just now received your second note. O! how welcome. I had begun this letter, the first, I believe, I ever began with reluctance to you; but, I thought by some questions daily asked, that you either wished yourself, or some one wanted to make you the instrument of drawing me into a controversy. I must confess I am glad of an occasion to avoid it; at least, with my much loved friend. You know we first agreed to differ in what we thought at that time, and what I think still, things indifferent. You may believe me when I tell you, that my chief aversion to controversial points with you, is lest I should be instrumental in puzzling your mind, or injuring in anywise, where my soul's desire is only to do good. If your views of the Scripture in respect to a believer not falling finally from grace afford you consolation, I do not want to shake your confidence. God forbid! I would rather say to you, and to all who have their faith fixed in the adorable Jesus, their feet placed on the rock of ages, hold fast the beginning of your confidence, and rest steadily on the promises, for they are yea and amen in Christ Jesus to all that believe. My precious friend, do we not now come to the old subject again, and yet it will be ever new, viz. Looking unto Jesus? You believe that He has rescued you from the jaws of death and hell; that he has redeemed you by His blood; so does your worthless friend, thanks be to His matchless name and grace. What have we to do then, my beloved, but to show forth the glory of that grace by walking as He also walked, living in humble dependence upon Him, looking daily for new supplies of grace, and evidencing, under the divine influence, our discipleship, by bringing forth much fruit; or in other words, proving we are "His friends by doing whatsoever He commands us?"

I entreat you to keep from party spirit; it will injure you much if you drink into it. It is too narrow, too little, too low for a soul united to the Prince of Peace; rather be alone in your loved retirement, with Him, whose presence cheers the better part, than contending with any, and about words to no profit. The believer learns much at the feet of the meek and lowly Lamb of God. My Lord, ever keep me there, and also, the dear friend to whom I write.

You assure me your affection is not in the least degree lessened for me by my not agreeing with you in sentiment. My love for you, I am confident, is not lessened, if it is not increased; Christ was, and is, I hope, the centre of our union.

I hope you will see the necessity of being less conformed to the world in dress, &c. Example is very striking—it speaks as loud, methinks, if not louder than precept; but be persuaded in your own mind and from the Scriptures. The Christians of old confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth; for, says the apostle, Heb. xi. 14—"They that say such things plainly declare they seek a country." How shall I know the strangers and pilgrims now, even when they are in, or when I see them coming among the crowd from the house of God—yea, from the smaller churches. Surely, the religion of the Man of Sorrows does not teach conformity to almost every change of fashion, exhibited daily by a careless and unthinking world. "Be not conformed to this world." The apostle beseeches the believers unto whom he wrote, by the tender mercies of God to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable service: to be transformed by the renewing of their minds, &c. I know there may be, and I doubt not, there is much pride, and many an evil temper under plainness of dress; but this does not decide the point; for Christians, methinks, should be all of a piece. If Christ be in them the hope of glory, there ought to be, according to my views, a due conformity to divine precepts: "holy in heart, in life, and in all manner of conversation." I would not write thus to you, my dear, if I did not think your heart was fixed; and that your faith's foundation was the Lord Jesus

Christ. Alas! where this is not the case, it avails but little to lop off the branches, while the root remains rotten and impure; but I would wish my dear Miss V——, under the divine influence, to be a pattern of piety, humility, and holiness.

A. C.

LETTER XVI.

TO MISS JOHNSTON, LURGAN.

(Encouragement to the Penitent.)

Newry, ——, 1816.

I have just returned from the throne of grace, where I suppose, at the appointed hour, twelve o'clock, I met my friend; it was a gracious time to my own soul—a time surely of refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord. My strength was renewed while waiting on my God. You were intimately nigh, so was my Eliza; yea, the whole family: I endeavoured to bring you all in the arms of prayer, and to make mention of your names before Him, who alone can make us meet for heaven. Are you happy, my dear? Is your faith growing stronger? Can you yet believe? Ah! why doubt the adorable Saviour, who has so graciously called you out of darkness into His marvellous light? I am looking over your last kind letter; and O! what marks of tender affectionate regard do I see there manifested to my dear young friend by her heavenly Father. Who was it enabled you to look undaunted when you saw your old gay companions on the Sabbath-day? Who was it gave you to feel such tender pity and concern for them in the midst of their folly? He that says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Then, look to Him, my beloved, and fear not; for He waits to be gracious. Come as you are, now—for "this is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." Do not be looking at yourself, or thinking you ought to use more self-denial. Look to Jesus, He is your way, your truth, and your life—lean upon Him; you cannot sink with such a prop; nor can you be denied mercy, while such an advocate, such a High Priest, pleads your cause above. Venture on Him—venture freely; you must succeed, for He receiveth sinners still, and pardons like a God. I need not say much to you by way of direction or instruction; God's own good Spirit is teaching my Eleanora: keep under

His divine influence, and all will be well. I promised to send you some family rules I took down in Banbridge. Well, then, here they are :—

"1st. We have no time given us to throw away—but to improve for eternity ; therefore, we can join in no conversation that is unprofitable ; but in that only which is to the good of edifying, ministering grace to the hearers. Therefore,

2d. We have nothing to say to the trifling news of the town and the business of others ; for we desire to hear of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

"3d. Neither have we any thing to say to the misconduct of others. Let not the fault of any absent person be mentioned, unless absolute necessity require it ; and then let it be with the greatest tenderness, without dwelling upon it. May God preserve us from a censorious, criticising spirit, which is contrary to that of Christ.

"4th. We offer the right hand of fellowship to every one who cometh in the name of the Lord : we receive none to doubtful disputations ; whosoever loveth the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, the same is our brother, and sister, and mother. Such is the example which Christ Himself has set before us ; and we cannot but remember ‘ God is love.’

“ 5th. We neither receive nor pay visits on the Lord’s Day ; for, we and our house desire particularly to serve the Lord.

“ 6th. We earnestly desire every one to reprove us when we deviate from any of these rules ; so shall we be as guardian angels to one another.”

My heart must greatly deceive me, if I would not gladly share in all that could burden your mind ; but I can sympathise with you, my love, though at a distance. Do not be discouraged at all, though doubts and fears assail you : you are not far from the kingdom ; that is, the kingdom of grace in your heart—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. God has begun the work there ; and, surely He will not leave it unfinished, if you continue to ask, and seek, and knock. Remember what He says to such : “ You shall receive ; you shall find ; it shall be opened unto you.” Believe Him, and be happy. You have been peculiarly tempted with unbelief since last Monday night, when you appeared so near being happy. Do not wonder at that : the nearer the blessing, perhaps, the more the mind may be exercised with doubts and fears. Do you not know it is sometimes darkest just before day; but you tell me your faith is increasing. Lord be praised! Keep it in exercise, and He will soon say, "Go in peace."

It cannot be presumption, or self, or soul-deceiving to believe what God has promised. When, by grace, we feel ourselves in the very situation of those for whom the promises are left upon record, and to whom they are freely offered, through that same adorable Saviour, on whom the Father ever looks well pleased. Surely, my sister, your views—your feelings—your pursuits are not the same they were some time ago. Who has wrought this change? Certainly God. Who has put the cry in your heart for salvation? Surely the Spirit of His love. Oh! venture nigh—He will permit you, through a Saviour, to call Him Abba, Father! my Lord, and my God!

A. C.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE REV. H. W., SAINTFIELD.

(Desire for the Spread of the Gospel.)

Lurgan, January 25, 1817.

If my Lord has in any wise blessed my poor labours in Saintfield, I praise Him for it; the power, the grace, and the glory are His: 'we will spread our trophies at His feet, and crown Him lord of all.' But, Sir, you help to make me feel my own nothingness and helplessness before Him: well, I trust, I am thankful for it; it is what I ever wish to feel. The valley is a sweet and fruitful spot, secured and watered by the hills on either side; it is a sweet and delightful position to lie at the feet of the Rock of Ages—there may I ever, ever lie, still looking up to Him, and watching unto prayer. You wish, Sir, you pray that the truth may prevail, yet more and more at Saintfield: my heart says amen to your petition—may it be heard and answered, for the dear Saviour's sake. It would be well to begin and to carry on prayer-meetings; and I trust, if you do, that the people will perseveringly attend them, and that God will be in your midst, and abundantly bless you altogether.

I sincerely thank you for your good wishes and ardent prayers for my success in the arduous, awful, important work, I am engaged in—O ! that my God would make me wise to win souls, and increase my zeal for His glory. I might be mistaken in respect to the influence of the flesh in believers. Yet, surely it is their duty and privilege, through Christ, to mortify the deeds of the body and live. They that are the Saviour's, I read, have crucified the flesh with the affections and carnal desires: if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature, &c. "Be ye holy," is the command of heaven, and "Grow in grace," proceeds from the same authority. It is great encouragement to know that in Christ all fulness dwells, and *all* for wretched man—and to hear Him say to each believer, "Ask and receive, that your joy may be full." My Lord, increase my faith—O ! make me very strong in faith, that I may give glory to thee. In respect to the immediate removal of the believer's soul after death to happiness, it appears to me of little consequence, whether we call it paradise or heaven; for in my opinion, it could be neither one nor the other, without the presence of God: 'His presence, only, makes a paradise, and where He is, is heaven.' A. C.

LETTER XVIII.

TO MISS HEWETSON, SAINTFIELD.

(On her Recovery from Illness.)

Lurgan, Feb. 10, 1817.

I now take up my pen to thank you for your kind remembrance of me, and to congratulate you on the late goodness and mercy of God toward you, in anywise restoring you to health and strength again. None but Jehovah Jesus could do it; none but He could bless the simple medicine made use of, and make it prove effectual in removing a disorder that appeared so stubborn as to baffle all skill, and means, and medicines before. Blessed be His name! It is an easy thing with Him to heal the body; yea, and to renew the soul also in righteousness. He is able to do it; and, sure we cannot, for a moment, doubt His willingness, when we hear Him saying in His word, "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth; and be ye saved." You wish for faith—you feel your wants, my love. I have none to direct you to but to the Saviour. Approach the throne of grace; He is your way; look up with confidence; He is your High

Priest—your advocate and friend before the Throne of Love. Tell Him all you feel, and fear, and want. In Him is treasured up a plentiful supply—'enough for all—enough for each—enough for evermore.'

Ask in faith, nothing doubting. He has healed your body, and raised you up, I trust, that His grace and mercy toward you might be greatly magnified. Sure, my beloved, you will never return to the gay world again; nor seek for happiness where it never grows. O! look to Jesus, and dare, through His mercy, in the midst of a frowning, gainsaying world, to acknowledge and follow Him in the way of faith, of love, and of obedience. The Lord more abundantly increase the strength, both of your body and soul, and enable you to devote your all to His glory.

A. C.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE SAME.

(Encouragement under Sufferings for Righteousness Sake.)

Green-lodge, Lurgan, Feb. 26, 1827.

I received your kind letter, and sincerely sympathise with you, in your present feelings and situation. But fear not, my beloved—Christ is a friend at hand in every place, and in every place the same—yea, and just, such a one as you, and each of His people stand in need of. His presence was with Noah in the ark, and preserved him and his, in the general deluge, though the water covered the tops of the highest hills: a Joseph, though sold into Egypt, was preserved and honoured, for God was with him: the three Hebrew children, for not bowing to an image, were cast into a fiery furnace: Daniel for being instant in prayer to the God of Israel, was thrown into a den of lions. But did the flames consume, or the beasts devour the servants of the living God? Not at all—they had no power to hurt them, while His presence was with them, and they continued to obey Him rather than man. Paul and Silas were cast into prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks after being beaten with rods; but they were cheered and comforted by the visits of His grace, who never leaves His people comfortless, and therefore they prayed at midnight, and sang praises to God, and the prisoners heard them. (Acts xvi.) God has been the deliverer of His people, from the beginning—none ever trusted in Him, and was confounded: then surely you will not be the first, my beloved, if you follow on to know the Lord. Only be steadfast and unmoveable, and God will be with you, for His promise is to all who love and obey Him; "Lo I am with you always —I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee —fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God." In respect to your ever seeing me, leave that to Him who governs all things. He will make your way plain, and in due time, grant you the desire of your heart; and surely it is good to be where "He feeds His flocks:" "they that fear the Lord spake often one to another;" and wherever two or three assemble together in His name, He is ever in the midst to bless them. But to be a Christian indeed, is what will make you meet for heaven —"Be ye holy, for I am holy," saith the Lord Almighty. I would advise you, that whenever you bow your knees in prayer before Him, you would intreat Him to let you know more and more of yourself every day, and that He may increase your faith, and impart to you the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of sin—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I hope you apply yourself much to reading the Scriptures; the Saviour bids you search them: I have sometimes found it good to read the Sacred Volume on my knees, and to pray to the Lion of the tribe of Judah, to take the seal from the book, and give me to understand it—yea, and that the Scriptures, through grace, might make me wise unto salvation. If you attend to the teaching of the Holy Spirit and act faithfully, taking the Bible for your rule, you may expect some opposition; for the Spirit of Christ, and the spirit of the world are opposed one to the other, they cannot possibly be united; therefore they that are after the flesh, do persecute them that are after the Spirit; but be you only faithful, and all will be well: God himself will undertake your cause, and make your way plain before you. Let the world laugh, and mock, and call you fool and fanatic, and what not, you will have the best of it; don't mind them, the world is a cheat, and they only are fools that trust it, for it always deceives. Soar above it then, my beloved, and learn by faith, to walk with God, leaving 'to His sovereign sway, to choose and to command.' Attend to the voice of your Shepherd, who says—"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me;"

keep at His feet, and let your eye be single, so shall your body be full of light. Dare to confess Him, before men, who of God is made unto His people, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; and let it appear to all, that your faith and hope are genuine, by a holy uniform life and conversation. Be not conformed to this world, or the things of it—but be transformed by the renewing of your mind; be much in prayer, and diligently attend to any little lawful domestic concern that may call for your attention in your father's house; give no just cause for blame or censure—but do not disobey your God for any one. Look for wisdom from above—heaven, I trust, will shine upon your path, and direct your way: but, remember, it is only those who endure to the end, that have the promise of being saved—Lord save you to the uttermost, my dear, and bring you to his kingdom and glory at last. Dwell much upon the love of God to a ruined and lost world—His love to you in particular; and let it rest deep upon your mind, that you are not your own—you are bought with a price; therefore you are not to live to please even yourself, but to please Him: but let us ever remember, that His service is perfect freedom: His yoke is easy and His burden light; there is no drudgery in the service of our adorable Redeemer, His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace. O! that He may be your God, and my God, for ever and ever! and may we walk before Him as obedient children. Farewell, my dear young friend, I commit you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

A. C.

LETTER XX.

TO MISS LANGTRY, KILMORE, LURGAN.

(On Death, and the Improvement of Time.)

———, ———, 1817.

I was truly sorry to hear of Miss Eustace's death. Ah! how precarious is life—how sudden, often, our departure from this world. "Be ye also ready, is the admonition of Him, who spake as never man spake." May you and I attend to the voice of Him that speaketh, so that we may believe and work while it is called to-day. You say Miss Eustace's views and ideas were greatly changed before her death; and that she was increasing in the knowledge and love of God. Yea, and you think, if she had been spared, she would have been a burning and a shining light; for her active mind would have led her zealously to promote godliness in others. You see, then, my dear, the necessity there is of doing to-day whatever our hand findeth to do, that we may glorify our God with all our might, as we do not know what a day may bring forth.

To-night we may die. Miss Eustace little thought when I bid her farewell, on the 29th of March last, that she would so soon be the inhabitant of an eternal world—

"Who next shall be summoned away—
My merciful God, is it I?"

I am truly glad she had hope in her death; and that you entertain no doubt of her acceptance with God, through His beloved Son. She could not be happier in life, in death, or in eternity than I wished her. But, you must allow, my dear, that she might have honoured the grace of God, the name and Gospel of the

Saviour more abundantly, had she kept at a greater distance from the gay and careless; been more particularly decided for Christ, and less conformed to the world; and been long before what she wished to be, or what she has been on a death-bed. O procrastination, what a thief thou art! Lord help us to redeem the time.

I am truly glad to hear that dear Mrs. O—— is decidedly choosing the better part; that she is so earnestly seeking the Saviour. Tell her to encourage herself in the Lord: for He will be found of all who sincerely call upon Him. She is not very far from the kingdom; bid her keep looking to Jesus, for He says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

Present my respects to Mr. O———. May the abundant blessings of Heaven be upon his ministry, both publicly and from house to house. It is an awful, but if faithfully attended to, it is, also, a highly honourable station. O! that he may ever sound the trumpet faithfully, on the walls of Zion.

The way to keep your comfort and confidence too, in my opinion, is to walk in the exercise of faith, and the obedience of love. Look less to the creature, and more to the Saviour. You are afraid of being puffed up by the favour and attention you received, particularly in Lurgan; and, you are often, therefore, inclined to think it would be better for you to close your mouth in silence and sink into your native obscurity. And what, my beloved friend, have you to be puffed up with? You say, you feel the risings of pride; even that, methinks, should make you ashamed before that Saviour, who says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart;" yea, and make you run to Him, that He might cleanse the very thoughts of your heart, and clothe you with humility, as with a garment. But what have you to be proud of? If you have grace or light, still you have nothing but what you have received; not from the creature, but from the Creator, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift, and the bountiful donor of all we enjoy. Yea, my friend, you are not your own—you are bought with a price; therefore, it would be ungrateful in you to suffer the smiles or the frowns of your fellow-worms to lift you up, or cast you down; sink you into obscurity, or take you out of it; close your mouth in silence, or open it to speak for God. Ah! these are vain reasonings—suggestions of an enemy to take you away from Him, who is your way, your truth, and your life. What is the creature? A poor, frail, feeble, fluctuating, unstable thing. Look, then, from such to Him, who is faithful and unchangeable; lean upon His arm, with unshaken confidence; fear not, He will support you: but beware of leaning upon an arm of flesh; at best, it is but a broken reed; to many it proves a spear; "upon its sharp point peace bleeds and hope expires." Flee to your God, then, with all you fear and want: in Him there is plenteous redemption. Sit at His feet in deep attention, and look to Him for grace to do what He commands you. Seek not to please yourself or the creature, only as it pleases Him. Beseech Him to use you for His glory, and in His own way—not your's. Search the Scriptures, and pray over them—"pray without ceasing, pray." Thank God, it is the privilege of Christians, in all their lawful concerns, to have intercourse with heaven; therefore, they are commanded to pray without ceasing.

A. C.

LETTER XXI.

TO MISS V———.

(On Doctrine.)

Newtown, Moate, Feb. 1*st,* 1819.

I perceive you wish still to keep up a little controversy with me. Well, my dear, I cannot help you; but, I assure you, I am not fond of it. "You hear many things brought against me as to my religious views." If you have my letters that I wrote you, you have in them my sentiments; I do not think I used any disguise; I did surely say, "O! to grace how great a debtor." I say so still; for it was "grace turned my wandering feet into the heavenly road;" it was "grace taught my soul to pray, and made my eyes overflow;" yea, I will go all the way with the poet, and say,

"Grace all the work shall crown,
In everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

I do not remember ever to have seen or read Mr. Wesley's Preservative; but I had the honour and privilege of being personally acquainted with him; and if ardent zeal for God's glory, love for precious souls, a uniform walk and conversation be fruits of faith, certainly he had them. The root was within, and his judgment with the Lord. If by their fruits we are permitted to know the true prophets, I answer he was one; for he preached Christ; he believed, and walked accordingly. Dear venerable man! I never saw his like before or since; I doubt if I ever shall again in this world; I highly venerate his memory; and far as he walked in the steps of the Saviour, and preached His Gospel, I wish to follow him; and, I would be glad, indeed, if many, who say they preach Christ, and yet speak evil or lightly of the dead and the absent, would believe, preach, live, and love, as he did.

A. C.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

(On Doctrine.)

Moate, February 18*th,* 1819.

Since I wrote to you last, I have been very poorly, and obliged to sit nearly the whole of two or three nights in a chair, by the fire ; yet it was not lonely, my sister, for the friend of sinners was nigh. His presence surely makes a paradise, and where He is, is heaven. This earthly house must shortly fall--well, there is beyond the grave, for those who are believers in the Saviour, a land of pure delight. You say, my love, that a rejection of the Scripture doctrine of election involves consequences of the highest moment—that is, you mean a mistake in the way in which a sinner, ungodly, and without strength, becomes interested in the divine favour, and enjoys the hope of eternal life—a being ignorant of the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, and a seeking to be justified by the deeds of the law, involves consequences of the highest moment. In this view of the subject, I think we shall have little difference. That man is a fallen, degenerate, polluted creature, I fully admit ; that in him—that is in his flesh, dwelleth no good thing, I believe, because the Scripture and man's profligacy are plain on this point. But, blessed be God ! there is "balm in Gilead, and a physician there." Help is laid upon one that is mighty. "Who is He that cometh from Edom—with dyed garments from Bozrah,

&c ?"—" When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly—the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." " God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish—but have everlasting life." But how is fallen man to be made acquainted with himself—his profligacy, and utter inability to save himself ?—Doubtless by the influence of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, "convincing him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment"—and when he is thus convinced, he is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he shall be saved. You tell me the doctrine of election is wrapped in mystery. Mystery is something secret or hidden; who, then, has developed or revealed it ? I read, certainly, of a mystery, which, from the beginning of the world, for ages and generations, had been hid in God ; but now is made manifest unto His saints. Thus, if it be manifested or revealed, it is no longer a mystery ; and what is this revelation ? That the believing Gentiles should be made fellow-heirs with the believing Jews. Redemption in the blood of Christ—the forgiveness of sins is no mystery to the believing soul ; for He has given unto such the earnest of the Spirit; already each is enabled to call God, Abba, Father! You say, that election, which is not personal, absolute, and unconditional, is no election at all. That Christ Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, I fully accede to; but will you tell me how, according to your views, God's elect could be said to be lost—or did God ever elect any to salvation but those whom he knew would believe and obey Him? As to the faithfulness of God, I will go with you as far as you will go. He cannot change—He is a faithful, promise-keeping God, who will never leave, or forsake those that put their trust in Him. But, do we not read of some who made shipwreck of faith, and of a good conscience? If there be no possibility of departing from the Lord, what is the meaning of that passage, Rom. xi. 22, with many other passages? You say, that out of the heart of the most pure proceed evil thoughts, &c. That this is the state of man by nature, I allow; but not of the regenerate. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? And such were some of you—but ye are washed—but ye are sanctified—but ye are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." 1 Cor. vi. 9, &c. It is true, Jeremiah tells us, "the heart is deceitful above all things, &c.;" but does not the Lord promise to give a new heart, Ezekiel xxxvi. 26; and did not Christ give Himself for us, that "He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works?" Titus ii. 14. "Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but according to His mercy, He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and by the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Titus iii. 5.

A. C.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

(On Doctrine.)

Moate, March 4, 1819.

You say my last created some unpleasant feelings in your mind, as you think some of the opinions held by me are dishonourable to the

Majesty of heaven. A weighty charge, my love; believe me I should feel greatly grieved, if I thought I had willingly dishonoured my Lord, or offended one of His little ones. You will be kind enough, if you please, to let me know what text of Scripture you found fault with, that I, in my letter quoted to you, or what I said that pained my friend. You are my friend, in Christian affection and union; I have long believed you were, and as such, felt my heart sincerely united to you. Speak out, then, my dear, for "faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness, and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head." You say you do not ask me to write a long letter. In this I feel inclined to obey you. You tell me that your's, before me of the 20th ult., is certainly no answer to my last. Well, then, I suppose I am to wait with patience for the answer, and to hear shortly from my dear friend, how I dishonoured her God and mine, by any thing I advanced in the letter mentioned; but recollect you must bring Scripture as the evidence. I feel obliged for your anxiety about my health; thank the Lord, it is much better. I cannot tell you any thing about my plans at present; I am invited to Athlone, to Mallow, to London, &c. &c. I am not equal to travel much just now. I must remain here, I suppose, some little time longer. O! that my wonderful Counsellor may direct all my plans, and be my guiding star to Christ, my way through the trackless desert to the land of peace and rest. Your welcome favour last week came safe to hand, and greatly pleased me as it spake much of Him, whose name, (as the poet says,) yields the richest perfume, and sweetest subject at all times for believers to dwell upon. Farewell. May you be as holy and happy as a gracious and good God is able and willing to make you; so prays,

A. C.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

(On Doctrine.)

Moate, Christmas, 1819.

It is delightful to talk or write of the Lord's wonderful doings to the children of men, and particularly of his great mercy and love in Christ Jesus toward us, who, as you say, has, I trust, delivered us out of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of his dear son. May we then walk as children of the light and of the day—may ours ever be the armour of light and of love, so that we may glorify Him who called us out of darkness into his marvellous light. This season surely brings to the recollection of the believer in Christ, delightful and consolatory truths—truths which the more we contemplate, the more we are lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amazing love!—the Messiah promised—the woman's conquering seed born in Bethlehem—lying in a manger—and angels sent from heaven by heaven's exalted king, to bear the glad tidings to fallen man. "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy!" was the harmonious sound that struck on the ears of the astonished shepherds—"glad tidings which shall be to ALL people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

You say, my dear friend, you would like to hear from me, that I had received the doctrine of election, (unconditional election.) And why so anxious for my receiving it—cannot a sinner be saved without holding it? When the jailer trembled and inquired, "What must I do to be saved?" the apostle did not say to him, believe the doctrine of election, but "believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." The language of God is, "Look unto me and be ye saved all ye ends of the earth." And "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "To Him give all the prophets witness, that whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." The new song of the redeemed is this, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood out of every kindred, &c." I believe I told you more than once, that "dying love has been my theme, and shall be till I die."

But I would ask my dear friend, can any one hold personal, absolute, unconditional election, without holding personal, absolute, unconditional reprobation? Can they be reconciled, or can they be considered distinct one from the other? But what are the Scriptural evidences of election communicated by the Holy Spirit to the souls of those who believe in the doctrine, whereby they know that they are elected of God, and that they were so before the foundation of the world? I know that Paul the apostle of Jesus Christ says, Rom. viii. 15, 16. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby ye cry, Abba, Father! The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." I do not mean to discourage you even in respect of holding this doctrine of election, while I believe you would build your faith *only* on the Rock of Ages. If it gives you consolation—if it leads you to a closer walk with God—if it causes your love and obedience to abound toward Him who first loved you—well; in this, that is in your growth in grace, and abounding love toward the Saviour, I will rejoice with you. But I am sure, my beloved friend, you will admit that there are some contending for, as well as against election, who are strangers to their own hearts, and evidence by their lives and conversation, that they are still of the world ; for "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Let you and I then avoid unprofitable arguments and contention about words to no profit ; but let us daily examine ourselves whether we be in the faith, and having believed in God, let us be careful to maintain good works, "for we are not our own, but bought with a price ;" slaves redeemed—we are our Master's property, and therefore called "to live not to ourselves, but to Him who hath died for us, and rose again." The faith of the Gospel, while it purifies the heart, also works by love.

You ask me, is it my design to withdraw from the Established Church altogether ? I answer, No. Yet I can see some of her faults, and pray that the Almighty may purge out from her all the old or unhallowed leaven. There are ministers belonging to her, who evidence that they were not called of God, but have thrust themselves into the office for a morsel of bread ; and probably there are others of different denominations that do the same. I wish and pray that our good Lord and Master may convert and call them to that holy office, or put them out of it altogether. There are some, however, truly converted to God, who "preach not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." No one compels me to hear an ungodly man, and a good man I delight to hear. I take the Holy Sacrament in the church, in remembrance that Christ died for me: and though there are often many around or kneeling with me, and probably few real believers among them, yet I find I can discern, by faith, the Lord's body, and be thankful. But I have been a little astonished how any minister holding the doctrine of particular redemption, could give the bread and wine indiscriminately, with "the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee, &c." and "the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee," &c.

I have taken no decided part in respect to the Methodists, so as to contend with either side. I only endeavour to reconcile or moderate as I go along. I believe there are some who appear to be a little warm, or rather whose zeal might not be altogether according to knowledge—being yet, it may be, ignorant in some things, of satan's devices. I am sorry that any should give cause to the enemies of religion, to speak reproachfully. I trust, however, that God will so overrule the present painful scene, as to bring order out of confusion, and good out of apparent evil. There are many praying men and women among them—the Lord will, I trust, hear their united supplications, and revive his work in the midst of the years. My way through life has been rather singular, and in every step almost I see the hand of my indulgent Lord; but never more so than of late. His mercy to me has been so very great, I often wonder and adore. I have been long attached to the Methodists, and they, in general, when we have known each other, have been attached to me. I have a strong attachment to them still. I neither like to deny or forsake my friends, when in storms, reproach, or distress; however, all are not Methodists that are called Methodists—there is probably a mixture of tares and wheat among them, and every professing body of people; nor is dispute and division confined to them alone: but were the separating time to take place, even now, possibly there might be as much solid piety found among them, as many living the life of faith in the Son of God, as among any other church upon the earth. But I believe I told you, my dear friend, more than once, that I was united in spirit to all who loved my dear Lord and Master in sincerity; this is my mind to the present hour. All my heavenly Father's family, I trust, are dear to my heart. O that I may be saved from prejudice and bigotry.

A. C

LETTER XXV.

TO MRS. ALDERMAN WATSON, LIMERICK.

(On the death of George III.)

———, *February* 6, 1820.

I was very glad to hear that the cold weather agreed so well with the alderman. I am sure he feels much sorrow of heart at present; every loyal subject must feel at the melancholy tidings of the death of our loved and lamented monarch; but I am led to think not one amongst them feels more sincerely than the alderman. I too, loved my aged king, and I humbly hope that, through the ever-pleading blood of the Redeemer, he is taken up to Him for ever in the presence of the King of kings, and Lord of lords; that he has only quitted a temporal kingdom, and dropped a mortal fading crown, to possess a kingdom for ever, and wear an immortal crown, that will never fade away. His death was long expected, and yet, when it came, how painfully felt—how deeply lamented and deplored! My heart would say, O! that the nations, both in a civil and religious sense, may not have to feel and lament it more in the time to come! When in the possession of blessings, we are too apt to underrate them, and frequently have cause to say, with Young, when they are taken from us—

> "How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"

We are come to a crisis, in my opinion, that Christians ought to look at with deep concern, and ardent constant supplication at the throne of mercy. May heaven's matchless King guard the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, and grant that those who shall hereafter sit thereon, may, like George the Third, give liberty of conscience—yea, and even more abundantly, wield the sceptre in righteousness; be nursing fathers, and their queens nursing mothers to the church of Christ; and with unremitting zeal, may they forward the glorious Gospel of the Redeemer, and the education of youth, until every land and people shall be supplied with Bibles, and every creature under heaven know how to read them. Yea, until at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess Him to the glory of God, the Father.

Ah! my dear Eliza, what a mighty leveller is death; he pays no more respect to the court, or the crowned head, than he does to the cot or the cottager; all alike must bow to his mandate; he takes no bribe—he will not be put off. O! that you and I, with all that are dear to us, may so believe in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, that we may look out with joy, and not with dread, for the coming of the last pale messenger. A. C.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MRS. BALFE, MOATE.

(Christian Encouragement.)

Roscrea, October, 1820.

You desire I may remember you in my poor petitions at a throne of grace. My dear friend, I should think myself unkind, indeed, did I ungratefully forget either you, or your's. Surely, I wish you happiness, both in time and in eternity; and it is the will of God, that you should be happy, for His will is your sanctification.

Go to Him, with all your cares and fears, and remember, that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." He has given Christ to die for you; "and will He not with Him, freely give you all things?"—pardon, holiness, heaven, grace to help in time of need. Be not faithless, my beloved, but believing. He is at hand, who is mighty to save, and strong to deliver. Venture nigh; He invites you; be of good cheer; rise, He calleth for you; yea, and methinks, He says, as He said to the blind man, (Mark x.) "What wouldst thou that I should do unto thee?" O! tell Him, tell Him, my friend. He has a cure for every disease; and you know, He imparts His blessings without money, and without price; "Ask and receive," is the language of the Saviour, "that your joy may be full." Let nothing keep you from a throne of grace—

"Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer was the ladder Jacob saw—
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

A. C.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MRS. C. HAINES, TIPPERARY.

(On the Improvement of Time.)

Mallow, ——, 1821.

It appears to be a long season since I saw you; though time rolls rapidly on, and on its chariot wheels bears numbers every moment to eternity. What a precious talent is time; of what eternal importance the improvement of it—

"Gone once, it is for ever gone:
Once gone from us, it travels—where?
An angel to the eternal throne, report to bear:
To tell how man, its passing stay
On earth has spent—to sin has given;
Or else, employed in wisdom's way, assigned
to heaven.
Pause, ere the week departing,
Torn from mortal grasp, to heaven shall flee;
Think what report shall then be borne,
My soul, of thee."

I am thankful to hear, that you are daily gaining strength, and that your native air has proved such a blessing to the mortal part, through divine mercy: may you grow stronger and stronger, every day. But how is the soul's health, my sister? Are you walking close with God? Have you constant fellowship with the Father, and with His son Jesus Christ? Are you living under the happy influence, unction, and energy of His Holy Spirit, and daily enjoying His divine comforts and consolations? "To be spiritually minded, is life and peace." You know your privileges, and that the will of God is even your sanctification. You know your new and living way to the mercy-seat, by which you are invited to come boldly, with all God's people, that you may there "obtain mercy, and find grace to help, in the time of need." (Heb. iv. 16.) How good is God, His favour is surely better than life; may you so live in Him, by faith, and so walk with Him, by the same principle, that you may be enabled to say at all times, with an unshaken confidence, "For me to live, is Christ, but to die is gain." This poor world, you know, can offer us nothing that is permanent. Fortune, fame, friends and friendships, health and life itself, are all precarious things: may we then live above them, and seek and find our all of happiness in God, who is the only source of solid delight and bliss: may we every day become less conformed to the world, and the things of it; so that we may give daily evidence that we are not of the world, even as that Saviour, whose we profess to be, was not of it. He has left us an example, that we may follow His steps. How is your father ? I hope he is bringing forth fruit in his old age, the living and peaceable fruits of righteousness, which are to the praise and glory of God. Blessed be His name, that when by sickness or old age, we are laid by from active duty, there is still a happy possibility, under the influence of divine grace, of glorifying Him by sweet passive obedience, and showing forth the power of redeeming love, by lovely tempers. May He and the unworthy dust, who now writes to you, seek above all things, the honour of our God, whilst hurrying rapidly, as we surely are, towards the house appointed for all living. May we, by the loveliness of true piety, patience, and resignation,

Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!

How is your affectionate brother—what is he doing—does he seem content with the knowledge of the head, without having the heart renewed ? I hope not. Alas ! knowledge, puffeth up, but love, the love of God shed abroad in the heart, edifieth. Ah ! if he would but be attentive to the Spirit's teaching, and faithful to the heavenly monitor, his soul would then be as a watered garden ; the vast knowledge he has acquired would shine, and his fruit be unto holiness, and the end everlasting life : he would be cheerful without being light ; and serious, without being sad : yea, methinks he would be as a very fruitful tree in the vineyard or garden of the Lord. But, without this, all will be vain, no better in the end than the barren heath on the mountain, or in the wilderness. He has my hearty wishes for his happiness and usefulness : may he be delivered from the condemnation of being beaten with many stripes !

A. C.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MRS. RICE, KINSALE.

(On the Necessity of Holiness.)

Mallow, May 22d, 1821.

I now take up my pen to inform you, that I am, through mercy, at last arrived in Mallow; my health, thank God, is better ; yet, I am but poorly : I am journeying fast homeward, and am pleased that I am getting nearer every hour. My gracious and good God has done much for me; borne long with my manners in the wilderness, and in His own way and wisdom, blessed me above all I could either ask or think. I look back and wonder; I see his arm made bare in my deliverances, His patience manifested towards me in a thousand instances, His unmerited, boundless love, continued to me down to the present hour: I adore Him, and hope to praise Him for ever in a nobler strain above. I was sick, apparently nigh unto death; I thought I should have left my poor dust in Nenagh, but heaven thought otherwise; good is the will of the Lord, no matter where the vile body may be deposited. O, time! time! what an awfully precious talent; but, alas! how little thought of; how little improved to the glory of God. Have you, my friend, more evidence now of being in Christ, than you had this time last year. Does faith behold Him as your Saviour, in whom you have redemption, through His blood, the forgiveness of your sins? And do you experience more of His transforming power, implanted holiness, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost? Are you more alive and alert for His glory? Are you more dead to self and sin? Do you loathe yourself, when by faith you view Him; and do you extol the riches of His grace, by crowning the Redeemer Lord of all? I want you, and I want myself to be holy and devoted altogether to the Lord. I want, I wish, that we may be fully matured for heaven, that we may spend an eternity together praising redeeming love. I have been raised lately as from the verge of the grave—the Lord help me to be grateful for all His goodness and His mercy towards me, and in all things, may I seek His praise and glory!

A. C.

LETTER XXIX.

TO R—— S——, ESQ., TYRREL'S-PASS.

(On the Increase of Gospel Light.)

Mallow, July 24, 1821.

For near a fortnight that I stopped at alderman Watson's, in Limerick, I did not get better. On the 17th of May, I came on here, in a chaise. The journey, (thirty-four or thirty-five miles,) was too much for me in one day. I was very ill after I arrived, and continued very poorly for some time; numbers visited me, particularly when I was able to come down stairs: amongst whom, from time to time, were five ministers of the Established Church, three Methodist preachers, and one Independent minister. I felt very grateful to all, and sincerely wish that their affection and attention may be returned by the Father of Mercies into their own bosoms, in blessings a hundred fold. I really had some sweet moments with them, though I differed from some in opinion; I hope, not in what, according to my views, is essential to salvation. I had to converse and pray with one or two parties generally every day, as soon as I was at all able—indeed, I may say, before I was able; for I did not like to have prayerless meetings with my kind visiters, who appeared to enjoy it much. I have been enabled since the 1st inst. to speak now and again in public; and have not, I think, been the worse for it. My health, I thank the Lord, is greatly improved: yet, I sometimes feel the seeds of mortality in this earthly tabernacle; I know it will shortly be taken down altogether, and return to the dust from whence it came; but, I trust, I know that when it is dissolved, I have a building of God—

a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; I will have a home to go to when I die; a place prepared by my dear, my great Redeemer, for unworthy me. O! what a friend—how kind—how constant—ever, ever, ever, the same! What He has sent me back to earth for—or what He means to do with me—or in me—for me—or by me—a little while longer I know not; but this I know, He means good concerning me: for He is love, and does all things well. May I be only anxious how to live, so as to please and honour Him. Indeed, I want a revival of His work every day in my heart, so that I may live and act, and think and speak, as the primitive Christians, the first believers and followers of Jesus did; evidencing to all that I am not of this world.

In the present day I feel myself, at seasons, like one in a kind of amaze. I am thankful for the spread of the Gospel, and that I have lived to see the time, that knowledge is increasing, and many running to and fro: but there is such a buzzing in, or about my ears, of opinions, ministers, books, Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c. and so little, comparatively, of the fruits of the Gospel, faith, and holiness, appearing; so much talking, and so little walking like Jesus, in the path of self-denial, and taking up the cross, that I am afraid at times, lest the great noise and bustle that is made by some, proceed only from the head; and that the force, or power of Gospel truth has not yet reached the heart. However, blessed be the Lord! it is a great seed time, and we must hope for a plentiful harvest; a great ingathering of souls to our Shiloh. But surely, as they are gathered into His fold, they will appear in His fleece; and in obedience to His call, and in conformity to His will, follow Him whithersoever He leads; not continuing to be conformed to the world, or the things of the world; but evidencing to all, according to the Gospel precept, that they are, through grace, transformed by the renewing of their minds. I hope Mrs. S—— is well; and that you and she are running the race set before you, looking constantly unto Jesus.

A. C.

LETTER XXX.

TO R—— S——, ESQ., TYRREL'S-PASS.

(On the Consolations of the Christian.)

Nenagh, May 17th, 1824.

Surely you must, if you please, Sir, allow me still to thank you for your trouble, kindness, and punctuality. It is, indeed, but a poor return; yet, somehow there is a grateful feeling of pleasure in being allowed to say to a kind, sincere friend, I am obliged to you. I have much cause to be thankful to God for the increase of health, which He affords me; for, though it is not quite as good as it was a few months ago, yet it is vastly better than it was when I last had the pleasure of seeing my dear friends in Tyrrel's-Pass. I am getting nearer home every day; and, while bending toward the grave, my Almighty compassionate Sire permits me to lean upon His arm; and does in mercy wonderously support me. I feel I cannot, for a moment, live, or go right without Him; but He admits me daily to a throne of grace; and there, through Christ, who is my way, and my truth, and my life, I do find mercy, and grace to help in time of need. O! that I may love prayer more and more; and may I be enabled to watch thereunto with all perseverance, so that I may momentarily grow in grace, and renew my strength by waiting upon God. There surely is no standing still in the heavenly way. O! that the fire of primitive love and zeal may burn upon the altar of my heart, so that I may run, and not be weary; and walk, and not faint. These are troublesome times. May all God's people cling round the ark of the New Covenant; and by a holy walk and pious conversation, show to all around, that they are pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus; and that this poor world is not their rest.

Alas! my brother, I hardly see in any place, that humble love—that holy zeal—that sweet simplicity, which was so conspicuous in former days. I weep sometimes, when I think of Zion; yet, thank the Lord, knowledge is increasing; and many are running to and fro. Light is spreading—Gospel news is proclaiming. It seems to be a sweet seed time; and, I trust, ere long, there will be a plentiful harvest of souls gathered into the fold of the dear Redeemer.

A. C.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MISS ———, ———.

(Christian Encouragement.)

Nenagh, May, 1824.

I am still asking my dear Lord for His direction. May He in all things, "guide me by His counsel, and afterwards bring me to glory." I tell Him I am an orphan; and I pray Him to be my stay; that I am a stranger, and a pilgrim in the desert, and entreat Him to be my guide, and my shield, while passing through it. I cannot doubt either His faithfulness, or His willingness. He has been the God of my youth; and in old age He will not forget me. Hitherto He has helped me; and He has promised to be with me always, even to the end. I only wish to be where He would have me; to do what He would have me; and to go where He would have me; so that I may live and abide in His will; and, in old age, by a holy walk, and heavenly conversation, bring forth much fruit to His praise and glory. I have not been much out since I wrote to you last, except at my little meetings for prayer, &c. in the evenings; at the school, once or twice; taking a drive or two; a few visits to some poor people; and at church and sacrament; to which place, my kind friends here would not let me walk; but most affectionately sent their sociable with, and for me—also, to and from the meetings, when I go out to exhort. Indeed, their kindness and attention has been, and continues to be more than I can describe. My good Lord will, I hope, remember it, and pay it back into their own bosoms, in blessings a hundred fold, and all the other beloved friends, whose tenderness and affection I have experienced from time to time.

The more we know of ourselves, my dear Miss ——, the more humble we shall be before the Lord; and the more we look to Him, the more we shall be able to appreciate that salvation, wrought out for us by the Saviour of men. The more deeply our hearts are affected by the love of God, the more anxious we shall be to enjoy His favour, and to wake up after His likeness; and the more we see of His perfections, the more we shall loathe ourselves before Him, as in the dust; and the more ardently wish, desire, and pray to be like Him. He wills our happiness, of course, our holiness; He "is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'' How great, then, will their condemnation be, who will not come to Him, that they might have life ? " Light is come into the world—and men loved darkness, rather than light, because their deeds were, (and still are) evil.'' Oh ! how great must be the misery of those, who perish in the midst of such light and love.

You complain of your coldness, or deadness of heart ; and you say, you pray. Well, then, I would say, pray on. If your affections are cold towards that divine Being, whom you wish to love, go to Him for warmth. If you are weak in faith, go to Him for strength and power ; yea, go to Him for all things that you need, according to His will ; and remember all things are possible to him (or her) that believeth. God is faithful, and will do what he has said, while the penitent sinner, or weak believer, makes the atonement of Jesus the foundation of his hope and acceptance with Him. But, as those who run in a race, put away incumbrances, that they may gain a prize of little value, and short duration ; and, after all, run uncertainly, (for only one can obtain it,) so those that are called to run in the heavenly race, are called to lay aside every weight, &c. and to run with patience, the race set before them, looking unto Jesus. May you and I, my dear friend, examine well, whether there be any weight or incumbrance about us, either in the desire of the eye, the desire of the flesh, or the pride of life: for "every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

A. C.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MISS ———, ———.

(On her Recovery from Illness.)

Nenagh, June 9th, 1824.

I was by no means displeased with you for not writing sooner, but I was uneasy about you, fearing that sickness or something very painful was the cause of your silence, and was thinking of writing to you again, when your affectionate letter arrived. Surely you and I are the children of mortality; if we enjoy the treasure of divine grace, we have it in earthen vessels—the earthly house of our tabernacles are often shaken, and this makes us feel that we are hastening to the dust from whence we came. "We have no abiding city here;" but strangers and pilgrims here below, this earth we know is not our place. O! that we may act like strangers and pilgrims while passing through it, and give evidence to all as we pass along, that we are seeking a better country, and more durable—even a city out of sight, which hath foundations, whose builder and founder is the living God.

I am glad you are getting better, and able to go out again—it is another reprieve—another little gentle warning or tap at the door, as if the Lord would say,

"Behold a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Has waited long, is waiting still."

O! that you may with solemn delight, welcome the heavenly visiter, and be enabled to say in the language of the hymn:

"Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest, nor hence
again remove,
But sup with me, and let the feast be everlasting love."

The weather is now fine, and that is much in your favour; and the garden, I suppose, looks lovely in its variegated attire; which will tend, I hope, to exhilarate your spirits, and raise your soul to heaven, in ardent desire and grateful praise, while you say with Eve, in Milton—

> "These are thy glorious works, parent of good!"

O! how great, how good, and how glorious God appears in all his ways, and in all his works; surely he is love. "It was great to speak a world from nought—it was greater to redeem." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He that believes in Jesus, loves him; and he that loves, obeys. Lord, evermore give you and me this faith and love! "He that loveth me not," saith Christ, "keepeth not my sayings:" surely the evidence of faith and love, is obedience.

Your superintendence of the family during Mrs. ——'s absence will also, I trust, be of some service to you: the little variety will amuse, and the little exercise will, I hope, prove profitable both to soul and body; and your attention to your friends will help to fill up your time, and keep you from dwelling, as you would, perhaps, on the painful separation from your beloved brother. O! it is good to live in the will of God, resigned and thankful.

I have some idea of taking a little tent in Nenagh, and making it my dwelling-place for a season. I have been narrowly watching my cloudy pillar for some time past, and wishing to see where it would rest, and have me stay. O! that I may be and do what God would have me. He has been kind to me always, and I find him at present as I did at first—faithful and unchangeable—a matchless friend indeed—a present help in trouble.

A. C.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO MRS. C. HAINES, MALLOW.

(Reflections on past Mercies.)

Nenagh, 1825.

Goodness and mercy follow me still; but you know many little things, past scenes, friends, and friendships, will, at seasons recur to the mind, and affect the feelings: so it is with me, not unfrequently, I assure you. But such seasons are in general sweet and refreshing to me, as they lead me to think much on my Lord's mercies towards me, in the years that are past, and the continuance of them to the present hour—in all the way which he hath led me through the wilderness—in all the pains which he hath taken with me—His gentle rebukes—His fatherly corrections—His sweet admonitions—the tender drawings of His Holy Spirit. I can see nothing but mercy and love, O! how wonderful, how amazing all his dealings with me appear at times; I may truly say, "What wonders of grace I behold!" O! that I could love him more. I indeed wish to do so, and I trust he is enabling me to do it.

There is a place taken here by Mr. J. L——, for your preacher to preach in, and your humble servant to help a little according to her strength and ability. I do not like to apply just now to any body here; but I am free, my dear friend, to ask you, quietly among the friends of the cause, to collect four or five pounds to help us to get forms and a little pulpit: if you can get more, well, but for whatever you send, we hope to be thankful. Mr. L—— has a great deal to do; the house wants repairs; there is to be a room, at all events, fitted up for preaching. It was almost wonderful how he came to get it. Mr.

L—— has from the beginning lodged the preacher and his horse, and had preaching in his house, and is now exerting himself, and it would be a pity not to send him help. O! come over some of you and help us.

A. C.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MRS. E. RICE, KINSALE.

(Religion, the only source of Happiness.)

Nenagh, April 7th, 1825.

I have been poorly in my health for some time past, and had to call in medical aid; I am now better, thank God, yet not quite well: that I don't expect to be again, I am bending down unto my mother earth—well, I trust, I am soaring upward to my future rest; my great physician is kind indeed, he proportions my strength to my day, and gives me sensibly to know he careth for me. By a train of providences, my dwelling place has been for some time back, and is still to be in Nenagh: I wonder at it, I am sometimes astonished, it was not my choice, I did not seek it; yet, here I am, and am likely to be for some time longer; well, what I know not now, I shall know hereafter.

How does the work of the Lord prosper amongst you—do your congregations still keep up—do the preachers attend regularly in turn—how are the society getting on ? I hope they are not resting in the form, without the power of godliness; in the shadow without the substance of faith, inward and outward holiness. May Primitive Methodism revive again in all its former simplicity and godly sincerity; for by party zeal, and contending for the uppermost seats, methinks its former beauty, is in some sense greatly marred. You speak of running after shadows in your childish days—all is shadow, my dear Eliza, and worse than shadow in childhood, youth, or old age, that leads not to God : you have been taught to know what solid happiness is, and where to be found—need I say then, cease for ever from shadows, and seek it in God, so will you no more be disappointed. He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all; walk then in the light as He is in the light, remembering that the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin—God is love, also, as well as light; He willeth not the death of a sinner. "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," is the language of mercy; "Whosoever cometh to me, L—— has from the beginning lodged the preacher and his horse, and had preaching in his house, and is now exerting himself, and it would be a pity not to send him help. O! come over some of you and help us.

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A. C.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MISS ——.

(On the Death of her Brother.)

Nenagh, September 2*d*, 1825.

I take up my pen this morning to write to you; for you are indeed very often the companion of my thoughts. Thank God, that in the midst of the deep sorrow, which I know you and your dear sister in tribulation, now feel, you have so much cause for rejoicing—you do not sorrow like those who have no hope: for you believe that "as Jesus died and rose again;" even so you believe "that those who sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him." (1 Thes. iv. 14.) Then you believe that your beloved brother, though removed from you by death, is not lost, but gone before; you believe that his robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, and you expect to meet Him again, when you will be separated no more for ever. What a consolation is this to his sorrowing widow, and to his mourning solitary sister. Blessed be God, for His great mercy vouchsafed to your dear departed brother: thanks to His name for so sanctifying his afflictions, and for bringing him nigh through the blood of the covenant; surely the thought that your loss is his infinite gain, will, through mercy, bear you up, however deep your sorrow.

> "Why should we mourn departed friends,
> Or weep at death's alarms;
> 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
> To call them to His arms."

Dear Mrs. —— will have a painful, but I trust it will be a pleasing task, that of bringing up her darling little ones, in the way they should go; but you will help her, my dear friend; you will go with her, and for her, to a throne of grace, there daily to obtain mercy and find grace to help in the time of need. You will bring the children sometimes with you there. You will pray the Father of Mercies to give them His Holy Spirit, and help them by precept and practice, I trust, to love prayer. You will share in the joys and the sorrows of the widow of your dear departed brother, and she will equally share in the weal or woe of the sister of her dear departed husband. You have both lived long in love together, and methinks that death alone will separate you in this vale of tears. O! that you may both live for God, and live with Him together, when time is no more. I feel greatly affected with writing to you, my dear Miss ——; I do not forget the tender feelings of your heart for me, your kind anxiety about me, from time to time; no, nor the affection of others of your dear family, some of whom are no more. I hope I am grateful, indeed I wish to be so; the Lord, I trust, is supporting, and will continue to support you and dear Mrs. ——. O keep looking unto Jesus! I can hardly write—sympathy is a very painful thing; and after all, it is a very sweet feeling when it leads us to look to Him, who bore our sins and carried our sorrows, and who sympathises still with all His tempted followers here; and when we are led under the sweet feeling of sympathy, to bring the loved friends with whom we sympathise, to His dear feet, and leave them with Him there. But do I not also rejoice with you? "There is joy among the angels in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth." O then, what a burst of praise breaks forth, when a saved, a blood-washed soul, enters the realms of bliss, and is presented before the throne and before the Lamb, adorned with a white robe and a palm in his hand. In my little way, I am allowed this morning, though still on earth a poor sojourner, to cast in my mite or note of praise, and with angels and archangels, and all the blest company of heaven, to laud and magnify the name of that matchless friend, who so loved Adam's fallen posterity as to give His only begotten Son, "that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Glory be to His name, for sending angel messengers at His birth, to proclaim such glad tidings of great joy, which He, the angel, said should be to *all people*. O that men would praise the Lord for His mercies and for His wonderful loving kindness to the children of men. May you and I so believe and love the Gospel, as to magnify the power of redeeming love. Will you please to remember me affectionately to Mrs. ——; the poor production of my heart and pen in this, is for her as well as for you. Indeed I would wish to be divinely taught how to speak consolation to you both. Give my love to the children; tell them I hope they will pray constantly to God, for His grace and Holy Spirit, to enable them to walk in the path He would have them to go, and make them a blessing to their dear widowed mamma and their kind aunt; and make them increasingly holy, that they may at last see their Saviour's face with joy, and meet their dear papa in a better world than this.

A. C.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MISS E. W.

(Christian Encouragement.)

Nenagh, October, 1825.

I received your kind letter in due course, and was glad to hear you were well. I did not, to my knowledge, once accuse you of forgetfulness of me; I do not think that the thought ever came into my mind. I thank you sincerely for the affection and esteem you profess for me; and would, surely, if in my power, do you substantial good. My present situation has its advantages and privations; without communion with God, I would be in any, or every place unhappy; but in any and every situation, communion with Him is possible; yea, it is certain, while the believer keeps looking unto Jesus. Thanks to His name! He admits me to a throne of grace. Surely, it is my privilege and duty to wait on Him there. You want to be taught how to live, you say, that you may dread the grave as little as your bed. I would say, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; and look for grace, that you may, with firmness, and sincerity, act accordingly. You have the Bible—you have many Bibles at ———. O! pray to God earnestly, that He may grant you the help of His Holy Spirit to enable you to make the Sacred Scriptures the rule of your life and conversation; that they may, indeed, become a lamp to your feet, and a light unto your path. I do not wonder that —— should feel acutely at the event you speak of; but, it is past, the dear old gentleman has done with time, and death, and every thing below; all is now eternity with him. May —— look to Jesus, (my heart goes with my pen,) and lay up her treasure above. God bless her, and make her happy for Christ's sake; and may all the surviving family of her dear departed parents seek the Lord, while He may be found. It was great matter of thankfulness to have —— to sit with, to read for, and speak to our dear aged friend, when the cold waters of the Jordan of death, were swelling, rising higher and higher, as he passed to the other side. I trust, his eternal Joshua was with him, though unseen, to conduct him through the awful flood and valley to the opposite banks. It is not a light thing to die. "Eternal happiness or woe depends on every breath." If the Sinner's Friend is ours, we shall be safe. To live without an experimental knowledge of this is dangerous; and, in my opinion, is very delusive. If Christ, the hope of glory, be in us, He will bring with Him spirituality to the soul, and an ardent looking to Him for momentary supplies of grace to enable us to walk, even as He also walked. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Look to Him, then, my dear E——, for there is no other name given amongst men, whereby we can be saved, but the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. He, and He alone, is able to save—yea, to the very uttermost all that come unto God by Him. It is your duty, interest, and happiness, to seek the God of your mercies, while He may be found: there is no time to lose—"now is the accepted time; this is the day of salvation." May you experience poverty of spirit, and rest to your soul. You need heavenly wisdom—the Holy Spirit's influence and direction to guide you through the slippery paths of youth. Beware of pride and vanity. Humility, sincerity, integrity, and a proper retiring spirit, particularly, in a young female, carry with them a kind of dignity, and will gain friends in every rank and condition in life, while the reverse, whatever face the world may show, will have the contrary effect. O! look to God for wisdom, and rest not without the knowledge of salvation by the remission of your sins, that you may know Him savingly, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death. May He influence your heart by His grace—direct you by His Holy Spirit—guide you by His counsel, and safely at last, bring you to glory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Adieu, my dear E——, attend to the things which make for your present and eternal peace—and believe me, sincerely, your friend in Christian affection.

A. C.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO MISS ———.

(Consolation in Affliction.)

Nenagh, December 21*st*, 1825.

Though I wished much to hear from you, yet I did not feel inclined to blame you for your silence, as I know something of your frame, and of your feelings; and I tenderly sympathise with you in your present sorrow; and, often, with feeling, and sometimes with tears, I remember you and my dear Mrs. ——, and her three sweet (now fatherless children) at the throne of Grace. May the Husband of the widow, the Father of the fatherless, the stay of the orphan, the shield of the stranger, and the guide of the pilgrim, be with you all. May He soothe you in your sorrows, comfort you in all your afflictions, sanctify all the dispensations of His providence and mercy towards you; and, finally at last, bring you to His heavenly kingdom, where there will be no sin, no sorrow, no sickness, no pain, no death, nor parting any more for ever.

It would be well, my dear, if you could look now up to Him, that sitteth upon His throne in the heavens, and does all things well. He alone can soothe your sorrows, and sanctify your soul. It is well sometimes to look back, and talk with our past hours ; but it is not good to look back in such wise as to court our sorrows, or augment our pain or woe. Look unto me, saith Jesus. O ! what a sweet word—the creature can do little for you, but He can do every thing. He is your hope's sure anchor : may you finally rest upon Him !

This, I dare say, is a trying week or season, with you all. Recollection will find its way to the feeling heart. Ah ! you will be thinking of joys that are past, and friends that are gone to return no more for ever. Look not at the past, my dear friend, only so as to excite or increase gratitude to your long-suffering and gracious God, for His abundant mercies toward you ; but look to Jesus, and then look forward to the happy period, when friends and kindred in the Redeemer, (though separated now by death,) shall meet to part no more for ever.

Rouse, my beloved friend, look from your weak body, as much as possible, and from every thing else; and run to your strong hold, as a prisoner of hope—go out and come in—go to church and to the church-yard, looking for grace to enable you to act in all things, as one that would say, in sacred resignation to the will of God, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" Please to give my love to all my kind friends; and, instead of sinking under sorrow on Christmas-day, may you, by faith, be enabled to go where the shepherds kept their flocks by night; and, with delight, hear the angel messenger proclaiming glad tidings of great joy unto all people.

A. C.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO MRS. C. HAINES, MALLOW.

(Thoughts on Sudden Death.)

Nenagh, March 10*th*, 1826.

Life is indeed a chequered scene, but it is at best but short. Happy they who believing in Jesus, are laying up their treasures above: may you and I ever be found among the number.

There is nothing below worth anxiously living for: we had an awful picture of this very recently in Nenagh. Only last Sunday week, Captain B——, a very fine young man, was eagerly and anxiously, no doubt, packing up his trunks, intending to set off for Dublin in the evening, there to have every necessary arrangement made for his marriage with a lady to whom he was much attached; but no sooner had he done packing, than death knocked at the door. He was seized with a fit, in which he worked in strong convulsions, and from which he was not much relieved, until Wednesday evening following, when he bade a final farewell to all the concerns of this mortal life, and entered an eternal world. Thus "man dieth, and wasteth away; yea man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" And now, methinks I hear a voice, saying unto me, "Be you also ready, for in an hour when you think not, the Son of Man cometh." I, indeed, have need to stand on my watch-tower, continually looking out for the messenger: for I expect it will not be very long until my heavenly Father will send for me.

May I at all times have on the wedding-garment. My health is very fluctuating. God is good! He comforts and supports me; and, when I feel I am a stranger and a pilgrim in this place, He gives me to feel also, that He is a friend at all times, and in every place the same; one that sticketh closer than a brother. May He help me to lie at His feet in deep humility.

A. C.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO MISS ———.

(On the Power of Faith.)

Nenagh, June 28*th,* 1826.

My dearest Miss ——, genuine faith in Jesus is surely invincible. Such faith as was evinced by the faithful Hebrews, and as is mentioned by St. Paul in the 11th chapter of his Epistle to them. It could not, it cannot be conquered; it credits what God saith; it sees the promise, and looks to that alone; it rests upon His faithfulness, who has said, "I will never leave thee," and leaves to His sovereign sway to choose and to command. It eyes His glory, however circumstanced; and only wishes, yea, and struggles to live to His praise. Self and sin, by grace, through faith, are conquered.

And Christ, the author and finisher of it, becomes all, and in all to the believer. Earth, with its various gewgaws, is spurned, while he or she presses on to the heavenly country, walking by faith, and with the shield thereof, quenching all the fiery darts of the adversary. Well might the disciples say, (and may you and I for ever say,) "Lord increase our faith!" Surely, as faith increases, so will love to its author; and, of course, self-denial and obedience will follow. "We love Him," saith the apostle, "because He first loved us." "And if ye love me," saith the Saviour, "keep my commandments." There are many sweet Christian friends in Dublin; I hope you may be directed to some of them, who will take more pains to build you up on your most holy faith than to fill your head with controversy; and to lead you to Christ and holiness, rather than to dissent from the Established Church, an d leave her, as if there were no members of Christ's mystical body—neither clergy nor laity within her pale. The time appears to be fast approaching, when it will not be hard to know who, amongst every professing church and people, are on the Lord's side.

I am enabled to get up early in the morning, and to hold my religious meetings once or twice a week—to walk to Mr. B——'s, almost every day, and to visit the school, &c. now and again. I shall soon be at my journey's end, and my home is before me. Here I have no abiding-city—this is not my rest. "Yonder is my house and portion fair." O wondrous love! I shall be where my Lord is; for

"He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God!
And He will save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
I shall behold His face;
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore."

The subject is great—and the subject is sweet. I am unworthy—but grace turned my wandering feet into the heavenly road; and grace has kept me to this day, and did not let me go. Not unto me, not unto me—but unto thy name, O Lord, be all the praise!

A. C.

LETTER XL.

TO MR. S———.

(Christian Instruction.)

Nenagh, September 26th, 1826.

You say, my brother, that you are too deeply engaged in the pursuit of the things of this world, and that you have no doubt but you are too much neglecting your immortal concerns. O! my friend, my tried friend, how alarming, then, must be your situation! Surely you are called upon to arise, and shake yourself from the dust—"to be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die." You would not, surely, put any thing in competition with that Divine Being whose favour is better than life; and in whose courts, the Psalmist says, even one day is better than a thousand; and to whom the king of Israel made supplication seven times a day. Is the closet frequented or neglected by you? Suffer me, in all humility, to ask—if neglected, where does your strength lie? Alas! we have none of our own. It is by waiting upon the Lord that the Christian renews his strength—if we neglect prayer, we become unwatchful;

and, of course, become weak as other men. It is while the Christian prays, he lives. Jesus says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved; without me ye can do nothing." O! how true; yet St. Paul could say, while looking to his strong hold, "I can do all things, through Christ, which strengtheneth me." If you are too much encumbered with worldly care, throw off the burthensome part. Time is short—and life is, indeed, uncertain. Your Lord will soon be here. O! that when He comes, He may find you and I watching. I just lifted my eyes to look at a sweet little hymn, that I am very fond of; I will send you a verse or two of it. It begins thus—

"From all that's mortal, all that's vain,
  And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
  Sweet fellowship with God.
Nor life, nor all the toys of art,
  Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
  As fellowship with God!
Nor health, nor friendship here below;
  Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can such delight, or comfort show,
  As fellowship with God!"

My health is indeed fluctuating. I feel my mud-walled cottage often shake; but, I trust, I know, through the grace which is given unto me, that "if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God; a house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I want to be more and more like my Saviour; and to live out of myself, in humble dependence on Him.

Nenagh is, indeed, a barren soil; I have no great fellowship with it; yet there are a few in it that I love. I am much in solitude, and I love to be alone; yet, I often weep, when I think of Zion. I would rather be where there are more of the Lord's people, or the life of religion: but my way here has been so singular, that I am afraid to move, lest I might be found following my own way, and not my cloudy pillar. I would like always to be found in my Lord's way, and in my Lord's work; not doing my own will, but the will of my Father, which is in heaven. I thank you much, my dear Sir, for your brotherly concern for my happiness and comfort. I would gladly leave this, if I saw my way clear; but until I do, I believe I must abide in my tent, stand still, and see the salvation of God.

A. C.

LETTER XLI.

TO MISS ———.

(Dying Advice to a Young Friend.)

Nenagh, August 4th, 1828.

God has, indeed, been long, very long, a tender, loving, long-forbearing friend to me. I did recommend Him to you, under the most endearing titles, and I believed all I said of Him, and abundantly more than I could express; and, though now I am much oppressed, and cast down before Him, yet, I trust, He will allow me to speak good of His name, and never permit me to do otherwise, for He has, indeed, showed me great kindness. I did, and I do recommend Him to you, as a faithful, promise-keeping God, who never did, nor never will forsake any, who believe in Christ, according to the Scriptures; and continue to do so, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, bringing forth fruit, accordingly; for, although, it is by grace the believer is saved, yet He that came to seek and to save the lost, requires obedience, or fruit, and a continuance of the same, as evidences of love and attachment to Him; therefore, He desires His followers to watch and pray—to strive, to labour, to be faithful unto death—not to grieve, nor to quench the Holy Spirit of God. O! my friend, I feel much, while writing to you to-day—I am almost a wonder to myself; but, the dear Saviour is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Follow Him closely—He has left you an example, that you may follow His steps; therefore, while I would humbly advise you ever to keep in mind, that it is His blood and righteousness that give a title to heaven; I would, also say, look often into the letter, or Scriptures, which He has sent you to read. He bids you search them, attend to His commands, and daily examine your heart and life by them. May the Almighty, in tender mercy, guide you by His counsel, and afterwards bring you to glory! He is a friend above all others; faithful, constant, and sincere, to all who believe in Him, according to His word, and continue to do so. In His humiliation and sufferings, now I view Him—in the garden in an agony, praying more earnestly, and sweating, as it were, great drops of blood; betrayed by Judas into the hands of sinners; at the bar of His creature, stricken, smitten, and afflicted; on the cross, transfixed, and torn; dying the just for the unjust, that He might bring sinners to God. O! what agonies He endured that sinners might live. My beloved friend, I cannot proceed—I feel almost overwhelmed at present by a sense of His love manifested to me, unworthy as I am. It is great, indeed—but I have been unkind to Him. I do not enjoy His soul-cheering presence, though I feel He is present with me every moment. I am now alone, and there is no object in earth or heaven so dear to my heart; but my head and my heart are aching; my intellectual and mental faculties are greatly shaken. Lord, help me to lie in thy hand, or at thy feet till all thy will be done: let me lie near thy bleeding heart—cover me with thy feathers. Do not be discouraged at any thing I have said: God will keep you, my dear, if you keep looking unto Jesus. You ask me again, if there is any thing in the world you can do for me? My affectionate, kind friend, when you go to the throne of grace, or when you lift your heart to heaven in prayer, remember me. I do not know how my dear Lord may permit me to be tossed on life's rough sea; but, if He would come and stay with me in the vessel, I would then smile at the storm.

A. C.

THE END.